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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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[See us as a Newspaper]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1900 WITH EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
"The Principal English Racehorses of the Day" By Post, 9½d.]



FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY THE REV. I. A. E. RICHARDSON

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

The Rev. I. A. E. Richardson, a member of Bishop Tugwell's expedition to Kano, describing the reception of the Mission by the King, says:—"The Palace, a splendid specimen of mud architecture, was a mass of people, and the courtyards were crammed. While we stood in the Judgment Hall, which was thronged with well-dressed men squatting on the floor, suddenly all the instruments of music burst forth, our umbrellas were snatched from our hands, and we were hurried into the King's audience chamber, a splendidly built room, thirty feet square. At the far end, on a rich red dais, was seated the King, wearing a black rawni, which covered everything but his eyes. Round the King were seated his courtiers in compact rows attired in magnificent costumes of green, red, and other

hues. We were seated on the mud floor. During the audience, which lasted ten minutes, the King scarcely deigned to notice us, and occasionally he made angry gestures. Despite every explanation he refused to allow us to remain in his town unless we had written permission from the King of the Moslems, the Sultan of Sokoto. Although pressed to do so, the King refused to allow us to remain pending the receipt of this permit, telling us that we could go and live anywhere, but not in Kano. So ended a very stormy ten minutes. Three hours after our return to our hut the Maaje came to us. He looked very serious and said, 'You are allowed three days in which to do your business. On the third day you must go or take the consequences.'"

THE BRITISH MISSION TO KANO: AN AUDIENCE OF THE KING

Topics of the Week

Russia and China WITH the announcement of the Russian resolve to withdraw altogether from Peking, the China Question enters a new and entirely unexpected stage. It had been assumed that the Powers would, at all events, hold together until reparation had been exacted in such a manner as to serve as a warning to the Chinese, both officials and non-officials, to abstain from murderous outrages on foreigners. It was equally imagined that the prime movers in the anti-foreign conspiracy would be sharply punished, however highly placed they might be, and that substantial guarantees for future good behaviour would be insisted on as a *sic: qui non.* Sofar as Russia's co-operation goes this programme of redress has vanished; the Tsar refuses to take any further part in the joint work. The Washington Government, trammelled by electioneering considerations, also displays a disposition to leave the Chinese problem to solve itself, while France will, of course, do nothing to jeopardise the Dual Alliance. England, Germany, and Japan thus remain the only Powers the Empress-Dowager and Prince Tuan have to persuade to quit hold of Peking, and it remains to be seen whether, either jointly or separately, they will accommodate themselves to that desire. As for Russia's withdrawal, it is only what might have been expected. Did she not pose as the disinterested friend and champion of the Celestial Empire when it lay prostrate at the feet of Japan, only to help herself to the Liaotung Peninsula immediately afterwards? Her present goodwill will also have to be paid for, probably by the cession of Manchuria, either in part or in whole. On the pretence of quelling disturbances in that great province the Cossack has been pushed forward from several points, capturing city after city, looting everywhere, and rendering the inhabitants incapable of future resistance by depriving them of their arms. It is a desperately tangled skein, and even Lord Salisbury's deft fingers will need all their nimbleness to unravel it without some prejudice to British interests. Were it not that the keynote of German policy is friendship with Russia within the four corners of the Triple Alliance, it would appear safe to prophesy that the Premier will have the loyal help of the Kaiser in exacting reparation from the nation stained with the recent blood of a German Ambassador.

The Boer Collapse By formally proclaiming the annexation of the Transvaal to Her Majesty's South African dominions Lord Roberts virtually announces that, in his opinion, the war, as a war, is at an end. There may be fitful hostilities here and there, as happened for a considerable time in Upper Burmah after the fall of Mandalay and the deportation of King Theebaw. But the sudden breakdown of effective resistance at Machadodorp, and at all the other formidable positions where the Boer generals hoped to make a stand demonstrates very clearly that the rank and file have had enough of fighting. It is no shame to the valiant burghers that they at last appreciate the rigours of the cruel situation to which they have been conducted by their leaders' unwise. There are occasions when "living to fight another day" is not only justifiable but laudable, even from the soldier's standpoint. Prisoners of war recognise that postulate when they surrender instead of sacrificing their lives by continuing to resist, and the broken Boer forces are now in precisely the same position. It is greatly to be hoped, therefore, that whatever the ex-Presidents may advise, and wherever they may betake themselves with their ill-gotten gold, gallant De Wet and Botha will perceive that they have done enough, and more than enough, to uphold the national reputation for valour, tenacity, and military talent.

The Plague at Glasgow IT reflects high credit on the inhabitants of these isles that the development of the outbreak of plague at Glasgow has not given rise to the faintest semblance of panic. This calmness may be, in some measure, due to public confidence in the alertness and ability of sanitary authorities, both at the great Scotch port and elsewhere. Our defensive system is, happily, so thoroughly organised and so thoroughly efficient that neither the "Black Death" nor Asiatic cholera has any chance of securing a firm footing. That is half the battle, as was lately seen at insalubrious Alexandria when a visitation of plague was fought on the instant and quickly vanquished. At Bombay and Mauritius, on the contrary, it was allowed time in which to spread, and that fatal initial blunder still bears evil fruit. As accumulations of dust are believed to be the worst propagators of the mysterious disease, municipal authorities should see to it that these seed-beds are cleared away, whether indoors or out of doors. In that campaign householders can render valuable help by reporting the existence of any such accumulations. It is also the duty of every citizen to bring to the notice of the authorities any infraction of the local sanitary regulations. We are, as it were, in the same position as if the vanguard of a terrible enemy had effected a landing. In that case, patriotism would place the whole population in line against the daring foe, and good citizenship will demand an equally comprehensive uprising, both individual and collective, against the "Black Death" should it unhappily extend beyond Glasgow.

Our Coal Supply IN the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Benjamin Taylor discusses what he calls "The Burden of Coal." There is no doubt that the coal question is, at the present time, an equally serious one for national industries and for the individual householder. "The burden of war," Mr. Taylor justly says, "is bad enough, though there is some sustaining quality about the sentiment of glory. The burden of coal is simply crushing." In the coal trade masters and men have alike taken advantage of a state of prosperity—for them—which has never been equalled, even in "the blooming seventies;" but the supply is now unequal to the demand, and while the trade is prospering the public suffer. The initial cause of the present scarcity—though there is something almost ridiculous in speaking of scarcity in connection with the enormous output both at home and abroad—may be traced to the requirements of the European Continent for industrial purposes. This country, for instance, exported last year over fifty-five million tons, or more than one-fourth of its entire output. Ought we to restrict or prohibit the exportation of coal? To that policy Mr. Taylor applies the epithet "suicidal," because coal is the only commodity we can send away in sufficient quantities to provide outward cargoes for the ships which bring in foreign food stuffs and the raw material for our mills and factories. He makes an exception, however, in the case of steam coal for the bunkers of our naval rivals. As to the vexed question of the duration of our coal supply Mr. Taylor is not much alarmed in spite of the lugubrious, though contradictory, prophecies of the experts. In the meantime, however, although "never before was there so much coal taken out of the world's veins," the unlucky householder must pay the highest prices he has groaned under since 1873.

Pro-Boers and Popularity THAT just man who needs not to be made perfect, Mr. Leonard Courtney, has, evidently, no mind to relinquish without a struggle the representation of South East Cornwall. He will not, assuredly, hold the seat with the help of his Conservative supporters, who have given him notice to quit in the very plainest terms. Nevertheless, Mr. Courtney is not without hope that a Radical-cum-Liberal Unionist combination may enable him to do so. He wants, in fact, to forgive and forget all about Home Rule and to go back to "as in '85." Apparently he imagines that the flood of sympathetic tears to be shed over the fate of Kruger and of Krugerism will wash out the dividing line between Unionists and Home Rulers, and unite the best elements of both parties in a brotherhood of sentimental Radicalism. It is a pretty programme. Unfortunately, however, there is no reason to believe that the academic pro-Boerism of Mr. Courtney is a whit more popular in Cornwall than the more practical methods of Dr. Clark are among the electors of Caithness. The private meeting of Liberals and Liberal-Unionists, held at Liskeard on Saturday night, after hearing Mr. Courtney's eirenicon, declined to pass a resolution inviting Mr. Courtney to stand, and modified that invitation in favour of "the best possible Liberal candidate." Of course, Mr. Courtney knows who that is; but it is just possible that the electors might not agree with him.

A SERIAL STORY

By HALL CAINE.

The Golden Penny will have the distinction of publishing the first story by MR. HALL CAINE to appear since

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The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTY

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE erudite people who quarrel over different readings of phrases in the works of Mr. William Shakespeare, and become dignified with regard to what he meant by certain lines—as could ever tell what a poet means when he frequently does not himself—are likely to have rivals in those who are disputing the text of the once-popular comic song called "In the St. A courteous correspondent writes from Liverpool, saying that he has heard Mackney sing the song, and, according to his recollection, the lines alluded to ran, "A pork-pie hat, with a nice little feather, And a pair of knickerbockers for the dry weather." I think, singing these lines you will find they will not go with the music smoothly as the version previously quoted. The writer of the song goes on to say, "Mackney also sang 'Sally, Come Up,' 'Hoop-de-dooden-do,' 'The Perfect Cure,' and, if I remember rightly, 'Goes the Weasel.' Other songs, which were not comic, were much in vogue at the same time, such as 'Dog Tray' and 'Not.'

Mackney certainly sang "Sally, Come Up." He also sang "Whole Hog or None," "Peter Gray," "Hop Light, Loo," "Married on Wednesday." But "Hoop-de-dooden-do," I find was originally introduced by Wambold when the Christy Minstrels performed at the Polygraphic Hall, which afterwards became The Theatre. "The Cure" had for its exponent W. H. Stead, used to give the song with its interminable jumping accompaniment every evening at Weston's—afterwards the Royal—Music-Hall, "Pop Goes the Weasel," I am inclined to think, was first popular by a singer at the Eagle in the City Road. Did not the verse run thus:—"Up and down the City Road, In and out the Eagle; That's the way the money goes, Pop goes the weasel." "Eagle" and "weasel" don't strike me as being good rhymes, but you must not be too particular in a comic song. I should play "Love Not" long before the period when the above songs were in vogue, and I fancy I have seen "Old Dog Tray" in song-books in the early part of the present century. But the latter achieved enormous popularity, in the days referred to by my correspondent, in a version written by Robert Brough for Robson, who used to sing it with a marvellous mingling of humour, pathos, and tragedy in the burlesque of *Massaniello*. Why does not someone write the history of popular songs? If this were properly done, with strict accuracy with regard to dates, it would not only be very interesting, but very useful from an educational point of view?

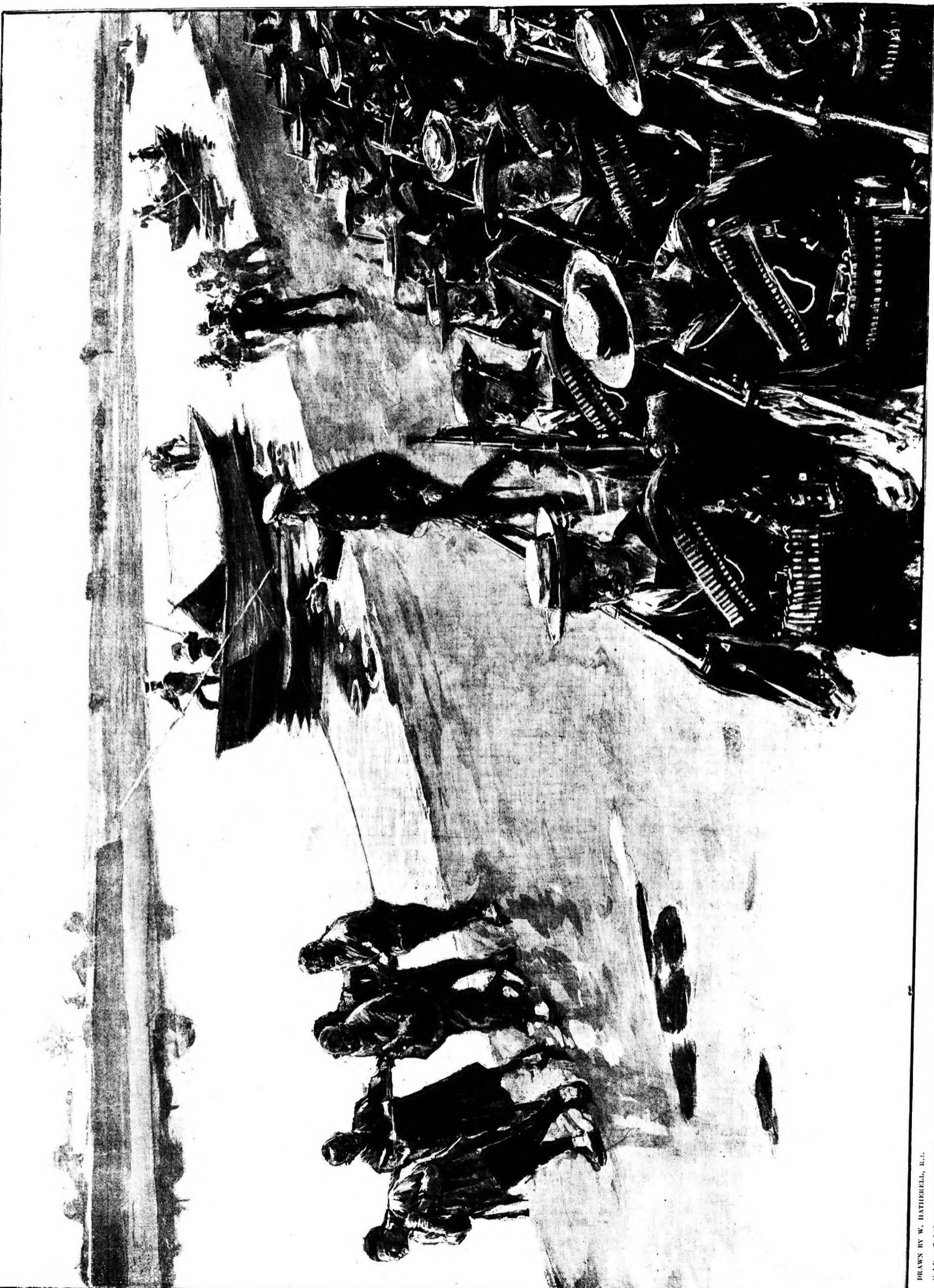
The recent correspondence with regard to the Roundel in the *Westminster Gazette* reminds me that, in poetry, freshness may be often sacrificed to form. One writer said in the above journal: "The sonnet, the rondeau, the ballade, the rondeau, the virelai are called in French *poèmes à forme fixe*, but rhymesters not infrequently took liberties with them." One has reason to be grateful to the singer who does this. Strict adherence to a particular form is an excellent exercise, and often has most agreeable results when emanating from a polished poet, but when undertaken by the inferior bard the effect is most exasperating. We can recall what delicate and highly finished work was produced by experts when there was a rage for French forms some years ago; we can also remember with what irritating effect they were misused by the 'prentice poetaster. Such things as the following flooded the publications of the time:—

We have met on the pier,
Now we meet on the beach!
Then I thought you were near,
But it now would appear—
O I must drop a tear!—
That you're quite out of reach:
We have met on the pier,
Now we meet on the beach!

All hard and fast forms in verse become terribly monotonous, and can only be tolerated in the most accomplished hands. A book of sonnets, as a general rule, is the most tiresome thing you can read. A few years ago *Punch* had something to say with regard to the disadvantage of carolling in fetters, and gave examples of the rondeau, the ballade, the vilanelle, and the triolet, treated from a humorous point of view. But, if my recollection serves me, he said nothing about the sonnet. The laboured dreariness of this form of composition opens, I should fancy, fine opportunities for comic treatment.

Publishers often lose sight of the fact that comfort in reading is of as much importance as the matter that is offered for perusal. The finest romance ever written fails to be acceptable if the volume is not easy to manipulate and not printed in good readable type. There may be some books that you find impossible to read but you are expected to talk about. In that case illegible type would not matter, and a good pictorial cover containing the leading incident of the story—if it happens to have an incident—would be all that would be requisite. I am moved to make these remarks because I hear a rumour that the old three-volume novel is likely to be revived. I only trust the rumour will prove to be true. This form of book was emphatically the most comfortable ever designed for reading purposes. It was delightful to read, light to hold, and easy to open. If any publisher were to issue a series of stories combining these qualities under the title of the "Comfortable Library" he would make his fortune.

A correspondent who writes from far away in the North, and gladdens my heart by the beauty and clearness of his caligraphy, proposes that the new fruit shall be called the "Roseberry." He remarks: "The combination of the cultivated raspberry (the product of many centuries) with the rustic blackberry—the Imperial purple with the Radical red—is an interesting horticultural experiment, but like all hybrids it is liable to atavism, and we can only hope that there will not be a reversion to exaggerated thorns instead of a new flavour." This writer, like myself, has not tasted the new fruit, neither has he met with any one who has. As yet, I have not even seen it, nor have I met with any one who has. What is the reason of this? Has there been a failure in the crop, or has the new fruit altogether failed to realise the high position that its growers had prognosticated. In this case we shall have to draw out an altogether new list of titles, and we should probably have to choose between the "Shyberry," the "Mythberry," the "Noberry," and the "Fraudberry."



DRAWN BY W. MATTHEW B.

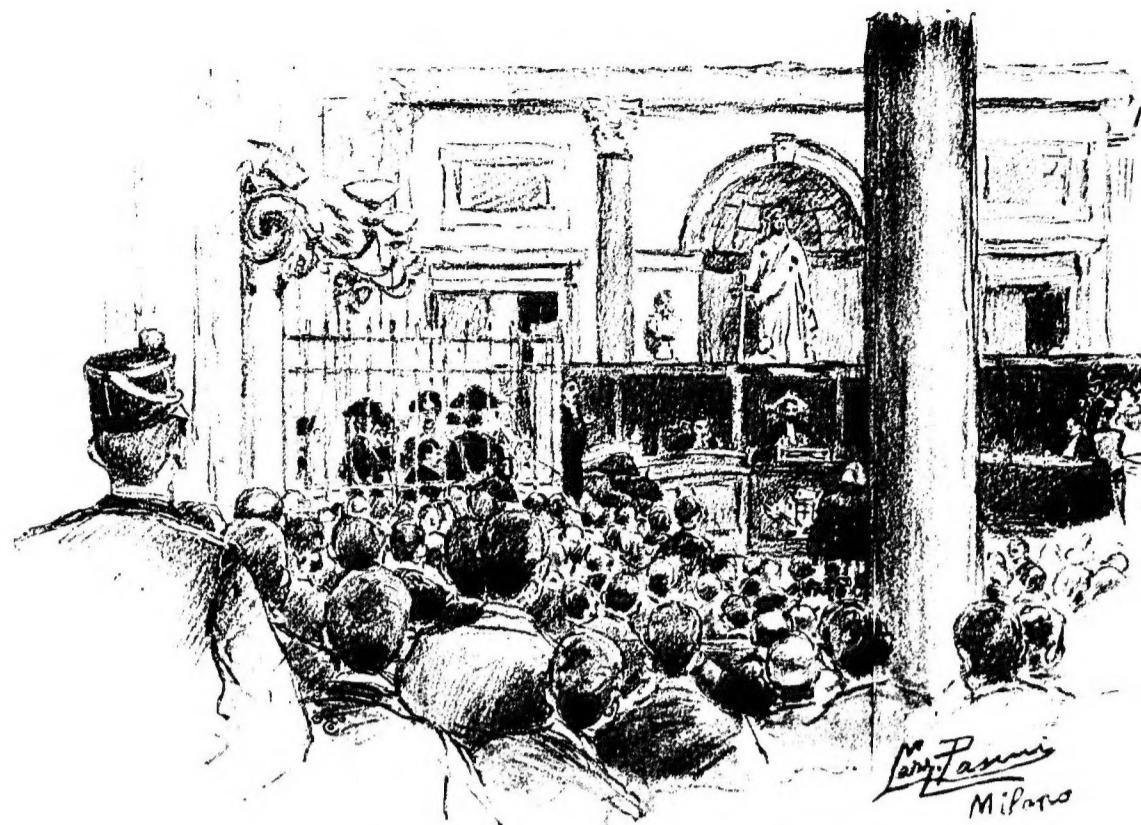
After fighting our way through country infested with rebels, who tore up the rails faster than we could lay them again," writes a correspondent, "we were forced to retire to within twenty miles of Tien-sin again, where we found it impossible to retire farther. From A SKETCH BY ROBERT CARR



Our Special Artist writes: - "This incident took place near Elands River, east of Pretoria. The Canadian was ambushed only a mile ahead of our pickets. He was hit in three places, once seriously in the hip, but he rode for our lines, where he fainted as soon as our patrol met him."
HELD BY FELLOW-COLONIALS: A WOUNDED CANADIAN SCOUT SUCCEDED BY A VICTORIAN PATROL
 FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

The British Mission to Kano

THE Rev. L. A. E. Richardson, a member of Bishop Tugwell's expedition to Kano, who was ejected from that city by the King and who has just arrived in England, in an interview with Keuter's representative, described the approach to Kano, which, so far as is known, has only previously been visited by three white men. He said:—"As in all other Hausa towns, there is nothing to be seen from without, save the bare exterior of a great wall 40 ft. high, its sinuous summit standing out red and clear against the deep blue sky. The length of wall with its round-shaped turrets seemed almost interminable, stretching out a mile or two on each side of the city gates. Round this is a moat 8 ft. deep. We rode up the steep pathway which leads over the moat to the city gate, and entered a strong tower which protected the massive wooden door, well covered with strips of iron. Two huge beams of wood rested against the wall. These are nightly propped against the door to prevent entrance into the city, for Kano's gates have neither lock nor key. Even within the walls not a house was visible. Nothing was to be seen but field of cultivated land, upon which the people rely for food in the event of a protracted siege. With much ceremony we were escorted to our house, which lay two miles away. The houses are splendidly made, although mud is the only material used there for building purposes, and timber is exceedingly scarce. No important house lacks shady trees flourishing in the courtyard, and thus the town has the appearance of a big, beautiful garden, the red mud standing

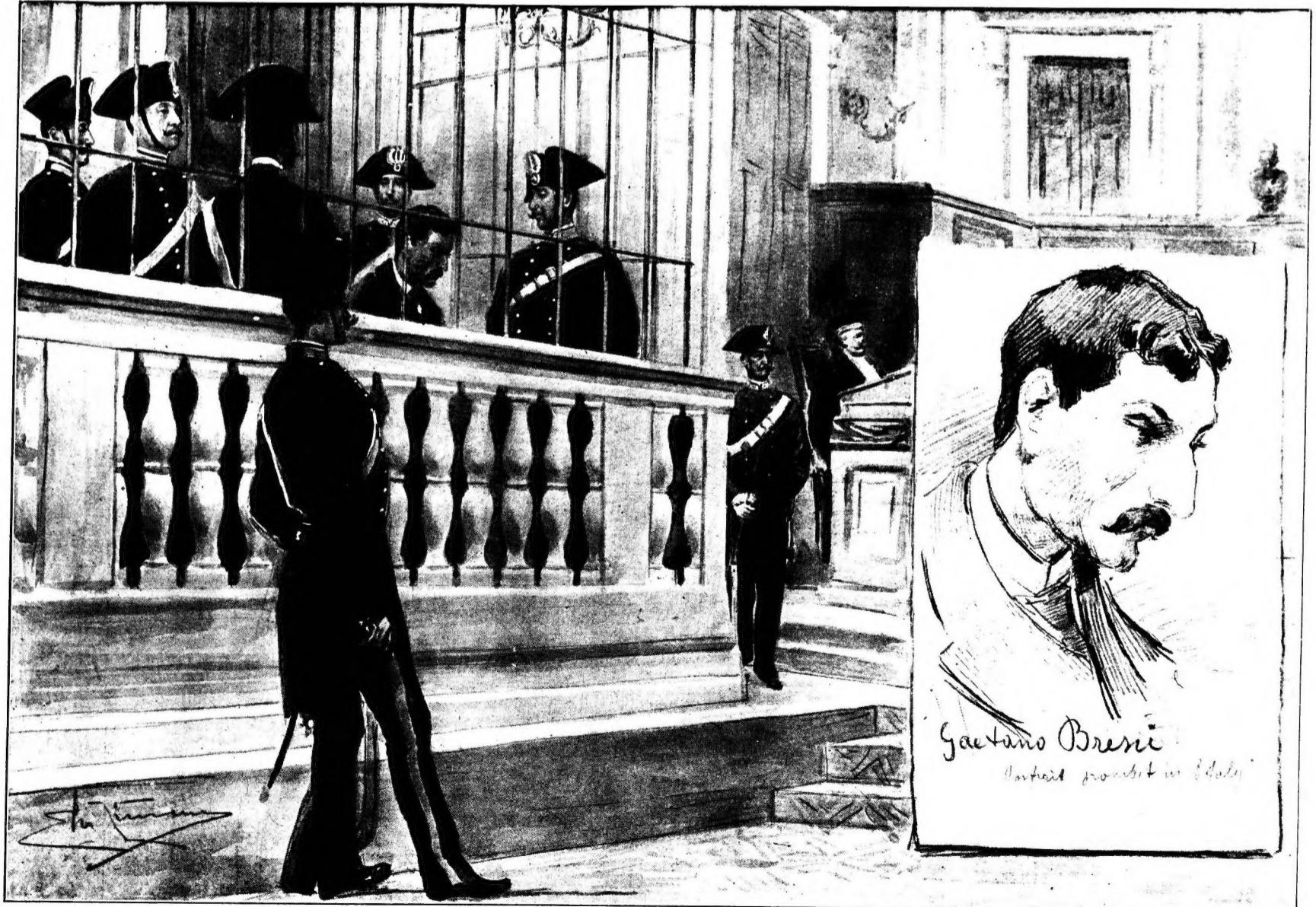


THE TRIAL OF BRESCI: GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURT

out in striking contrast against the green foliage. We were told that we should see the King on the next day, and were left alone. On the following morning we found a dozen brilliantly dressed horsemen arrayed in finest silks, and mounted upon richly caparisoned steeds, awaiting us at the Maaje's house. A procession was formed, a courier being told off to ride alongside each of the party, and we rode out of the city, and six miles further off to Faniso, where the King was living in one of his country houses. We received elaborate instructions as to what we were to do in the presence of the King. We must remove our shoes and stockings, we must not stand in his presence, and we must hold our heads on the floor for six hours. A terrific din, caused by the firing of guns, the beating of innumerable drums, and the blast of penetrating three-noted trumpets, revealed our proximity

to the palace. We then had to wait for three hours in a mud hut until the King should deign to see us, but at last a messenger came to take us into the Royal presence. We were hurried into the King's Audience Chamber, a splendidly built room, thirty feet square. At the far end, on a rich red dais, was seated the King, wearing a black robe, which covered everything but his eyes. He is said to be about thirty years of age. Round the King were seated his courtiers, in compact rows, attired in magnificent costumes of green, red, and other hues. We were seated on the mud floor, and behind us stood an official, probably the Court Jester, whose sole business seemed to be to punctuate our conversation with shouts of "Zaki! Zaki!" meaning Lion. During the audience, which lasted ten minutes, the King scarcely deigned to notice us, and occasionally he made angry gestures.

"Despite every explanation, he refused to allow us to remain in his town unless we had written permission from the King of the Moslems, the Sultan of Sokoto. Although pressed to do so, the King refused to allow us to remain pending the receipt of this permit, telling us that we could go and live anywhere, but not in Kano. So ended a very stormy ten minutes. Amid shouts of 'Zaki! Zaki!' we found our way out of the King's presence, and presently reached our little mud hut. The temperature was 95 deg. Three hours later the Maaje came to us. He looked very serious, and said, 'You are allowed three days in which to do your business. On the third you must go, or take the consequences.' The three days were afterwards extended to seven, but on the seventh day the party was compelled to leave."



The trial of the Anarchist Bresci for the assassination of King Humbert took place in the Assize Court at Milan. Admission to the court was obtained only by ticket-holders, and the public part of the court was filled to a great extent by magistrates, lawyers, and journalists. Sixteen witnesses were examined, and throughout the whole proceedings Bresci maintained a cynical attitude. Asked if he had anything to

add to his defence, he promptly answered:—"Sentence me. I am indifferent. I hope the revolution will soon take place, and give me my freedom." The jury found a unanimous verdict of guilty, and Bresci was sentenced to penal servitude for life, with seven years' solitary confinement.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT: THE TRIAL OF THE ANARCHIST BRESCI AT MILAN
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH MADE IN COURT BY ELIODORO XIMENES

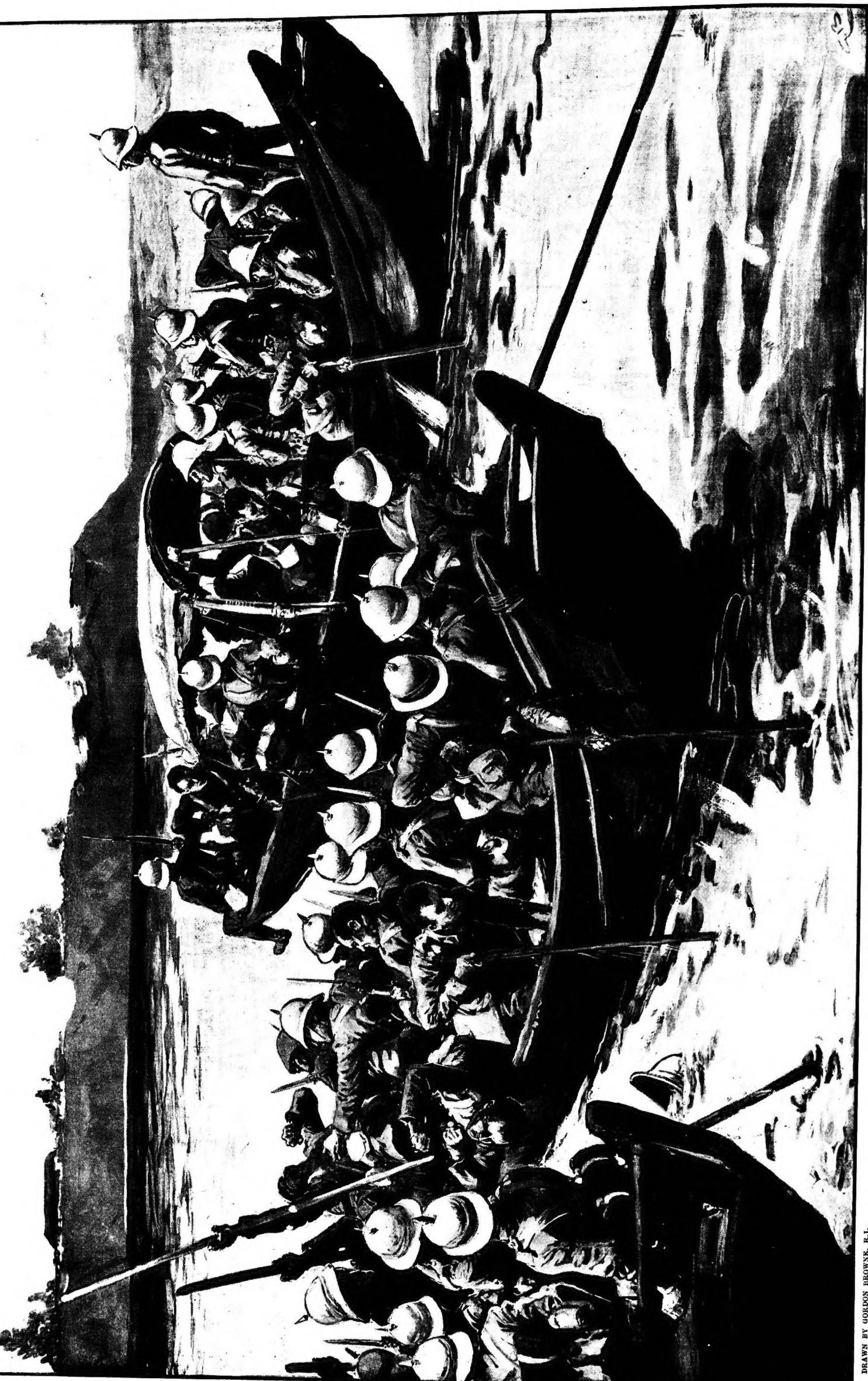
FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY THE REV. L. A. E. RICHARDSON

DRAWN
BY FRANK
CRAIG
1900

THE BRITISH MISSION TO KANO: THE BRITISH FORCE WITHSTANDING A CAVALRY CHARGE AT UGU

The Rev. L. A. E. Richardson, a member of Bishop Tugwell's expedition to Kano, describing the progress of the English travellers, said: "When we reached Ugu, eleven days' march from Jebba, we found the place full of Wosifshi warriors, slave raiders who had fled from the last-named place on the approach of the British. The chief of Ugu was very angry with us, refused to put us up for the night, turned us out of his town, and finally had us confined to a rocky, waterless desert. King Kontagora had sent instructions to Ugu that if we were not to be actually molested, as he was not then ready to attack the British. Afterwards, however,

he would burn the place. To his surprise the gates were opened, and a force of 300 horsemen charged down upon the British force. This it was said quickly learned, was a force of Kontagora's cavalry which had been sent out against the British. Captain Williams at once ordered his force to form square, and this handful of men gallantly stood no less than twenty charges of the horsemen, who were finally beaten off, being unable to endure the British fire. Then Captain Williams burnt the place to the ground."



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DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

A Naval Correspondent writes—“Our march was resumed on the 20th, at 5 a.m. We had not proceeded far when horsemen were discerned in great numbers away on the railway about three-quarters of a mile distant. The Russian officers mistook them for Cossacks, and at once signalled to him. The answer was several shots among us from some Chinese field guns in a wood near the railway. Two British, one Russian, one French, and one American field guns were brought into action at one time from the bank, but it was found that we were only drawing the enemy's fire, so it was decided to leave a small guard while the rest of us went on in junks on the river, while the British troops advanced on foot.

driven from one village to another, but we were only giving ourselves more wounded to be hampered with, and so we continued our way fighting all day and marching at night. It was just after daylight on June 22 when we were halted abreast about 100 yards from a fort or arsenal from which fire was proceeding, and the garrison, in reply to a question from the Admiral, shouted back that they were not Boxers but Imperial troops, and with that blaze of a矢 at us with field guns and rifles, our marines were sent across the river, into the fortifications of S. M. A party of Germans also crossed lower down. The marines under Major Gordon made a magnificent bayonet charge, carrying the increased

battery, which had been making things decidedly unpleasant for us, and capturing five guns which were promptly turned against the enemy. The latter fled, without fighting for either Marines or Germans to get at them. It was a really splendid piece of work. Arms and ammunition, much of it of the very latest pattern, were found in nearly all the houses we passed through. The Versaillais was ours by 10 o'clock, and our forces were soon in full possession of the town. We had to despatch a despatch party around to various parts of the town to get up supplies, and so it was late to get back to Vierzon.

COLUMBIA CROSSING will be held on May 20, 1905, at Columbia, Mo., by the Western Builders' Conference, and a large party from the Eastern states, the West Indies, Canada and Australia.

Big Game in Uganda

THE KILINDINI VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.—Owing to the sudden death of C. H. Ryall, Esquire, an officer of the Uganda Railway Service, the Entertainment and Boxing Tournament as advertised will not come off to-night at the Railway Institute. Due notice will be given when the performance is to take place.

PREFOSTEROUS FIREARMS RESTRICTIONS.—We are constantly running across people who have either been killed or seriously crippled by wild beasts. Mr. Jackson, of the Railway, escaped miraculously, but must carry the fearful marks of one grip by a leopard he experienced not long since, to his dying day. He gave his life to his comrades. The deep gash on his forehead and all the loss of his teeth give one a slight idea as to the power and ferocity of a single plunge by these brutes.—*East Africa and Uganda Mail*, June 9.

If any one entertains the idea that the earth has been early swept of big game, and laments over the passing thereof, he should take a casual stroll in Uganda. No one worries about it there. Sitting on the verandah of the Central Hotel at Mombasa Baron Munchausen might gather material for truthful narration that would make his previous efforts seem like nursery tales.

On a recent visit to the East Coast my attention was directed to the foregoing paragraphs, particularly that one in reference to Mr. Ryall, and I soon found his fate to be a topic of general discussion from Zanzibar to Mombasa. The unfortunate man had just returned from Zanzibar, where he had been a guest of the English Club, making himself popular with the entire white colony, and his gruesome death caused genuine sorrow. At the same time, no one was astonished therat, and recruits bound Ugandaward only armed themselves the more securely, promising to sell their lives dearly as possible.

Anyone setting foot out of Mombasa these days fully expects to encounter some man-eating beast, and as Sir Arthur Hardinge, the British Consul, put it to me:—"If something is not done to exterminate the lions, travel on the Uganda Railway must be conducted with armoured trains exclusively." Ryall, though a brave man and experienced hunter, was killed by a lioness which entered his railway carriage and dragged him out through the window. Ryall's duties as an officer of the Uganda Punjab Police and agent superintendent of the Uganda Railway required him to sleep on the track, and on the night of June 4 he was at his post in company with two other white men, Messrs. Hubner and Pareti. By agreement, Pareti took the first watch and stationed himself outside the door, which, on the Uganda carriages, is at the end. Ryall stretched himself on the floor and Hubner occupied a bunk just above him.

The train lay at Kimaa Station, within earshot of the camp. From what I could learn of the details, Pareti dozed off at about 2 a.m., but was disturbed immediately,



It is astonishing to see how soon the natives become accustomed to the sight of steam-engines, and how readily they make use of the trains. Our illustration shows the wives of a native chief waiting the arrival of the train at one of the newly established stations.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN: AT A STATION ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY

and, thrusting up his head, came in contact with the belly of a huge lioness, which was stepping over him. Whether Pareti was armed, and, if so, why he did not shoot, had not been explained when I left. At any rate the beast moved safely and swiftly to the sleeping Ryall, and, seizing him by the neck, proceeded to draw him after her through the window. Awakened by Ryall's one and only groan of anguish, Hubner took in the tragedy, but was so paralysed with horror that he tumbled to the floor and lay there motionless, fearing that he also might become a victim.

Next day a police patrol found some remnants of Ryall's body half a mile from the scene of his death. They were gathered up and buried at Nairobi. That was why the

Boxing Tournament did not come off at Kilindini. The lions of Uganda seem to grow bolder every day, and if they were not so savage might become the country's popular animal. The only person, however, in whom I observed any kindly feelings for the king of beasts was the German chief of Police, at Tanga, who may be seen going his rounds with an overgrown lion cub tagging in his footsteps. The rest of Tanga does not seem to share his caprice, and in a bungalow outside the village I called on a French engineer, who tossed fitfully on his couch, and though racked with fever, made light of that, complaining only that he could not sleep at night on account of the lions. "Zey—how you call it?—roar!" he said, "and the sound! it is terrible! May be you shiver, yes?"



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. C. GOMES AND CO., ZANZIBAR

THE GRAPHIC

Nowwithstanding fever and wild beasts the scouts of civilisation in South Africa have already bent their way towards Uganda, and the first line of skirmishers is beginning to close in towards the great Eastern plateaux. One no longer hears the cry of "On to Bulawayo," and unless the country of Cecil the First develops greater mineral resources colonisation there will proceed slowly. The agricultural results have not been satisfactory, and an Australian farmer at Beira epitomised his own experience in Mashonaland as follows:—"I worked my farm seven years. The first year locusts devoured the grain; the second year white ants eat my house; the next four years rinderpest killed my cattle, and last year the drought left me a bankrupt. Now I'm going north."

Uganda, on the contrary, has already proved itself a rich and fertile country where cereals grow side by side with tropical vegetation. The Germans have been quick to recognise the possibilities of this region, and their enterprise in East Africa is remarkable. Five years ago the home Government appropriated 800,000 marks for the establishing of a coffee plantation not far from Tanga. The first year, I was told, the yield paid expenses; the third year it equalled half the capital; the fourth year, the entire capital, and in the last twelve months the plantation has made a profit of 400,000 marks.

An evidence of the sudden development in this part of the Dark Continent is to be seen in the growth of the German East African Steamship Company, which has a monopoly in the traffic. From its dividends the company is enabled every year to build a new ship, the last one having begun its trial trip at the beginning of last month. Each of these vessels is built handsomer and with greater carrying capacity than the preceding one, but they are taxed to their utmost, nevertheless, to handle the constantly increasing cargoes.

The rivalry among Tanga, Dar-es-Salam and Mombasa is intense, and each is striving to beat the other in the export of coffee, tea, rubber, cloves, cocoa, vanilla, ivory and hides. The Germans are rushing railroads inland from both their ports, and have now completed them to a distance of over 1,000 kilometres. The roads terminate in the vicinity of Mount Kilimanjaro. The Uganda road, on the other hand, is now built to a distance of 370 miles, and lacks but 200 of reaching Victoria Nyanza, its terminus. East Africans already speak of it as completed, and the present generation hopes to go to Cairo by rail.

Railroading in Uganda is a slow process, however, for the character of the country, as may be seen by the photograph, requires careful engineering. England has already spent 5,000,000/- on the job, and every mile costs in the neighbourhood of 8,000/- From Mombasa to a point near Lake Niavasha, 1,000 feet above sea-level, the road presents a continuous succession of grades. It then makes a sudden drop of 2,000 feet to the lake, and afterwards ascends to a 12,000 feet level before arriving at Nyanza. The line passes through vast barren spots, but then again ascends to plateaus and mountain ranges, where the climate is refreshing and the vegetation redundant. Minerals are said to abound plentifully, and, according to a geologist at Zanzibar, Mount Kilimanjaro is "solid iron." The natives of Uganda are superior races, formed splendidly, intelligent beyond the ordinary, and so independent that they will not work on the railroad. It is, therefore, being constructed mostly by coolie labour.

Mombasa Town, in which the mercantile life of English East Africa is destined to centre, is situated on the eastern side of an island of the same name, which is three miles in length and one and a-half in breadth. After a sleep of centuries it has suddenly been galvanised into activity, and if the old Moorish Sultans, who formerly held sway there, could have a look in at the new metropolis they would rub their eyes in wonder. The time-begrimed fort erected in 1594 by the Portuguese Government is now used as a military store and central gaol for the entire Protectorate. It still bears the carved Christian symbol, "I.H.S." and the eagles of the Austro-Spanish dynasty which governed Portugal at that time.

The authentic history of Mombasa, which shares with Malindi the honour of being mentioned in "Paradise Lost," dates back to the end of the 15th century, when the Portuguese acquired it from the Moors, and kept it, though several times driven out, till its capture by the Imam of Muscat in 1698. From that time until 1887, when it was transferred to the Imperial British East African Company, Mombasa had for its governors Mahomedan Princes of Asiatic and African dynasties, and has been the scene of many Oriental tragedies.

The town now has a population of 30,000, including 1,000 white persons, Genoese, Eurasians, British Indians, Beluchis and other Asiatics from north of Persian Gulf; Arabs, Free Swahilis, and slaves. There are two fine harbours formed by arms of the sea, where iron piers and steam cranes afford the best of facilities to shipping. There is a first-class hospital, Government building, tram-line, and newspaper. The streets are all named, the houses numbered, new business firms constantly opening up, and if the lions will only behave, Mombasa expects soon to be the most thriving city on the African East Coast.

IN "The Wallace Collection in Hertford House" (Cassell and Co.) Mr. M. H. Spielmann has provided a much-needed handbook to this great exhibition of art. The "Story of the Collection," which forms the subject of Chapter I., gives a clear account of the treasures; and the other seven chapters of the valuable little book are devoted to the various schools of painting represented in the collection. The book is fully illustrated.



This illustration gives a good idea of the difficulties to be encountered by railway engineers in Central Africa, and the type of labourers employed. Our photograph is by A. Gomes, Zanzibar

A SECTION OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"A DEBT OF HONOUR" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

THE new play, by Mr. Sydney Grundy, with which Mr. George Alexander and his company have come back to town, has been described as "a story without a hero," and, assuredly, there is little that is heroic about the character of its most prominent personage. Mr. George Carleton, Q.C., is an ambitious barrister, who, somewhere on the right side of middle age, dreams of a seat in Parliament, with a distant view of the Woolsack, and it is essential to his schemes that he should marry the rich and handsome daughter of Sir Jacob Holroyd, M.P., a millionaire manufacturer, who cherishes a strong faith in his future son-in-law's prospects. Unfortunately, there is an obstacle in the way, but of this Carleton takes no great count. It is only an unfortunate young lady whom, some ten years earlier, he had persuaded to be his mistress, and who has ever since been to him a faithful friend and companion. Mr. Carleton's mode of dealing with the case is to go straightway to the lady, tell her that their *liaison* is at an end, and offer her a pension; but Gipsy Floyd, with a woman's instincts, anticipates his announcement, and appears to treat the matter lightly. There is a touch of human nature of the baser sort in the momentary feeling of disappointment with which Carleton, in spite of his faded passion, contemplates this indifference. It was not, as he says, "the sort of

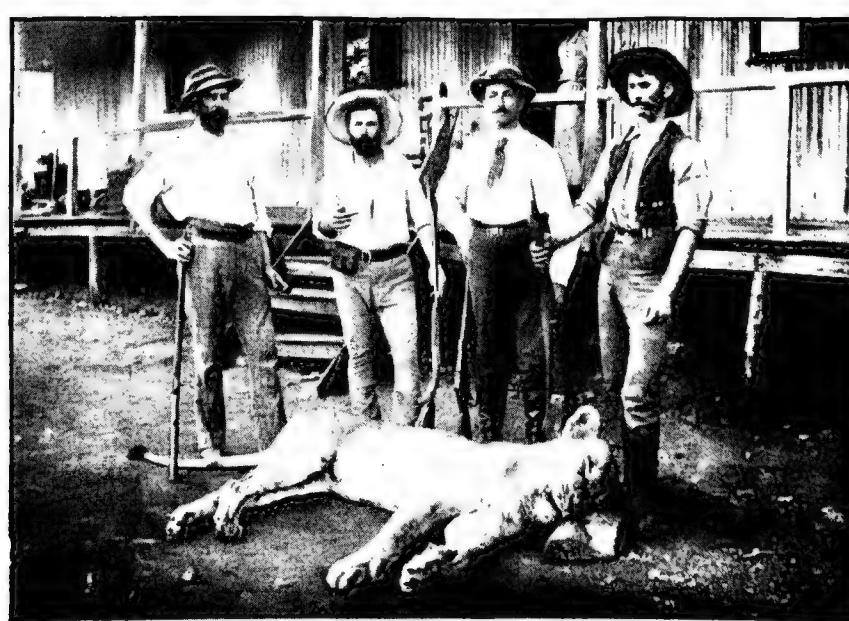
parting he expected," and he is piqued by her refusal of the proffered allowance. But Carleton has failed to understand his poor victim. Gipsy is, in fact, brokenhearted, flies for relief to opiates, and finally, by an overdose of chloroform, brings her wretched career to a close. Out of these conditions Mr. Grundy has evolved—though not without some sacrifice of probability—several moving situations. Gipsy has a devoted friend in James Antrobus, an eccentric, blundering, kindhearted old bachelor, who does his best to save her from her evil habits, and who finally prevails upon a benevolent lady of his acquaintance to visit the *prostitute* and give her the benefit of wise counsels. But poor Antrobus, who is ignorant of his friend Carleton's connection with the case, has in his well-meaning, blundering way chosen for this purpose Gipsy's rival, Isabel Holroyd, now Mrs. Carleton. The scene in which the two women meet is a powerful if a familiar one, and it derives a certain degree of novelty from the fact that, while Gipsy is cognisant of her visitor's name, Mrs. Carleton only discovers her husband's secret when Carleton, by one of those coincidences which are regarded as within the dramatic license, also appears upon the scene. The fifth act, though it can hardly be called irrelevant, suffers by its comparative tameness after the excitements of the previous act. It represents Carleton and his political friends as mainly anxious about the effect on their electioneering prospects of the disclosure at the coming inquest of Carleton's presence in the house at the time of the suicide, but someone suggests an ingenious way out of the difficulty. This, however, pertains to the element of political satire which is very far from being a strong feature in the play. More directly bearing upon the "problems" which *A Debt of Honour* is supposed to illustrate, if not to solve, is the fact that Mrs. Carleton, touched by Gipsy's wrongs, pleads eloquently the cause of her dead rival, and declares that henceforth, or at least until the grass has grown over Gipsy's grave, husband and wife shall dwell apart. Some dissatisfaction manifested among the audience at the close of the performance on the first night was probably due to the fact that the comparatively light treatment that the story receives is felt to be out of harmony with its tragic complexion. Mr. George Alexander's Carleton presented all the qualities that have pre-eminently won for this actor the sympathies of the romantic spectator, but it carried no suggestion of the absorbing selfishness of the character. Miss Fay Davis, as Gipsy Floyd, on the other hand, added to the charm of her habitual sprightliness a degree of pathetic power which she has less often exhibited though a heroine who can go to her death for love of so

commonplace and egotistical a creature as Mr. Carleton must needs forfeit something of the sympathy of the audience. The quaint humours of Mr. Esmond's Antrobus, and the distinction and handsome presence of Miss Julie Ogg, as Isabel Holroyd, were equally acceptable to the audience. As usual at the ST. JAMES'S the play is very handsomely mounted. The series of interiors painted by Mr. Telbin and Mr. Hann—the latter, in one instance, with the aid of drawings by Mr. Percy Macquoid—could hardly be excelled.

"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY"

A generation of playgoers which has raised no objection to Mr. Wyndham's appearance as David Garrick, and has not demurred to Sir Henry Irving's assumption of the character of Napoleon I., would appear to be precluded from complaining that Miss Julia Neilson is too tall and withal too handsome an actress to play the part of Nell Gwyn, whose face and figure, as is well known, were rather of the pretty and *petite* than of the handsome or the stately, order. Practically, however, these are matters of little importance. It is enough that Miss Neilson, by her grace of person and charm of manner, wins favour for the famous orange girl, and that she plays throughout Mr. Kester's drama with a spirit and vivacity which help us in some degree to forget the essentially artificial and conventional tone of this sample of American stage craft. The notion of making the story turn upon a trial of wits between Nell and the iniquitous Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys at a period when, as Mr. E. F. Spence has pointed out, Jeffreys was but a lad, is not particularly happy. Fortunately, the acting in general serves to redeem the defects of the play. Mr. Fred Terry's Charles II. is an admirable piece of stage portraiture, though, unfortunately, Mr. Kester's invention has not sufficed to supply the Merry Monarch with the wise and witty sayings which the authors of *Sweet Nell* have put into His Majesty's mouth. Mr. Louis Calvert's Jeffreys is energetic, but infected with the melodramatic spirit of the piece. Mr. Lionel Brough's delightful sketch of the broken-down old actor of the period is only open to the objection that we see too little of him.

Several new turns have been added to the programme at the HIPPODROME, and although the famous lions are gone the house is still packed twice daily. Ghezzi, the clown, with his performing horses twenty-five inches in height, is very well worth seeing. Newhouse and Ward, trick cyclists, give a most remarkable performance. The Athos troupe of acrobats carry dexterous agility a little further than any who have gone before, while Lafayette, "the modern necromancer," is a conjuror and a magician whom it is a delight to watch, so neat and unexpected are some of his feats, as, for instance, the production of a bowl of animals and the amazing appearance of the two little pickaninnies. It may be doubted, though, whether anything in the evening's entertainment is as attractive as the sensational little drama, *Siberia*, when the audience, breathless with excitement, watch the galloping horses plunge into the water-filled arena during the chase of certain escaped riders.



This lioness was killed in the main street of Mombasa after a long-hunt through the streets. She is shown lying on the spot where she was shot down. Our photograph is by A. Gomes, Zanzibar

A VICTIM OF CIVILISATION



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. G. MILLS

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

The Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan, with the guests staying at the Viceregal Lodge, were present at a concert given in the Royal University buildings in aid of the Soldiers and Sailors' Help Society. A great deal of interest attached to this concert, as Madame Melba graciously gave her services

to benefit the charity. Madame Melba arrived in Dublin on the preceding Friday, and stayed at the Viceregal Lodge as the guest of the Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan. In addition to Madame Melba, the Countess of Limerick and Princess Henry of Pless took part in the concert.

IN AID OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' HELP SOCIETY: MADAME MELBA SINGING AT THE CONCERT IN DUBLIN

FRANK
CRAIG
1900

QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND WITNESSING A SHAM FIGHT ON A FIELD DAY
THE YOUNGEST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN EUROPE



"In another minute they had passed down the stairs"

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LYSBEETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by JACOMB-HOOD

CHAPTER II.

SHE WHO BUYS—PAYS

HEN Lysbeth's mind recovered from its confusion she found herself still in the sledge and beyond the borders of the crowd that was engaged in rapturously congratulating the winner. Drawn up alongside of the Wolf was another sledge of plain make harnessed with a heavy Flemish horse. This vehicle was driven by a Spanish soldier, and in it sat a second soldier apparently of the rank of sergeant. There was no one else near; already people in the Netherlands had learnt to keep their distance from Spanish soldiers.

"If your Excellency would come now," the sergeant was saying, "this matter can be settled without any further trouble."

"Where is she?" asked Montalvo.

"Not more than a mile or so away, near the place called Steene Veld."

"Tie her up in the snow to wait till to-morrow morning. My horse is tired and it may save us trouble," he began, then added, after glancing first back at the crowd behind him and next at Lysbeth, "No, I will come."

Perhaps the Count did not wish to listen to condolences on his defeat, or perhaps he desired to prolong the *tête-à-tête* with his fair passenger. At any rate, without further hesitation, he struck his weary horse with the whip, causing it to amble forward somewhat stiffly but at a good pace.

"Where are we going, Señor?" asked Lysbeth anxiously. "The race is over and I must seek my friends."

"Your friends are engaged in congratulating the victor, lady," he answered in his suave and courteous voice, "and I cannot leave you alone upon the ice. Do not trouble; this is only a little matter of business which will scarcely take a quarter of an hour," and once more he struck the horse, urging it to a better speed.

Lysbeth thought of remonstrating, she thought even of springing from the sledge, but in the end she did neither. To seem to continue the drive with her cavalier would, she determined, look more natural and less absurd than to attempt a violent escape from him. She was certain that he would not put her down merely at her request; something in his manner told her so, and though she had no longing for his company it was better than being made ridiculous before half the inhabitants of Leyden. Moreover, the position was no fault of hers; it was the fault of Dirk van Goorl, who should have been present to take her from the sledge.



THE GRAPHIC

As they drove along the frozen moat Montalvo leant forward and began to chat about the race, expressing regret at having lost it, but using no angry or bitter words. Could this be the man, wondered Lysbeth as she listened, whom she had seen deliberately attempt to overthrow his adversary in a foul heedless of dis-honour or of who might be killed by the shock? Could this be the man whose face just now had looked like the face of a devil? Had these things happened, indeed, or was it not possible that her fancy, confused with the excitement and the speed at which they were travelling, had deceived her? Certainly it seemed to have been overcome at last for she could not remember the actual finish of the race, or how they got clear of the shouting crowd.

While she was still wondering thus, replying from time to time to Montalvo in monosyllables, the sledge in front of them turned the corner of one of the eastern bastions and came to a halt. The place where it stopped was desolate and lonely, for the town being in a state of peace no guard was mounted on the wall, nor could any living soul be found upon the snowy waste that lay beyond the moat. At first, indeed, Lysbeth was able to see nobody at all, for by now the sun had gone down and her eyes were not accustomed to the increasing light of the moon. Presently, however, she caught sight of a knot of people standing on the ice in a recess or little bay of the moat, and half hidden by a fringe of dead reeds.

Montalvo saw also, and halted his horse within three paces of them. The people were five in number, three Spanish soldiers and two women. Lysbeth looked, and with difficulty stifled a cry of surprise and fear, for she knew the women. The tall, dark person, with lowering eyes, was none other than the cap-seller and Spanish spy, Black Meg. And she who crouched there upon the ice, her arms bound behind her, her grizzled locks, torn loose by some rough hand, trailing on the snow—surely it was the woman who called herself the Mare, and who that very afternoon had spoken to her, saying that she had known her father, and cursing the Spaniards and their Inquisition. What were they doing here? Instantly an answer leapt into her mind, for she remembered Black Meg's words, —that there was a price upon this heretic's head which before night-fall would be in her pocket. And why was there a square hole cut in the ice immediately in front of the captive? Could it be—no, that was too horrible.

"Well, officer," broke in Montalvo, addressing the sergeant in a quiet, wearied voice, "what is all this about? Set out your case."

"Excellency," replied the man, "it is a very simple matter. This creature here, so that woman is ready to take oath," and he pointed to Black Meg, "is a notorious heretic who has already been condemned to death by the Holy Office, and whose husband, a learned man who painted pictures and studied the stars, was burnt on a charge of witchcraft and heresy, two years ago at Brussels. But she managed to escape the stake, and since then has lived as a vagrant, hiding in the islands of the Haarlemer Mere, and, it is suspected, working murder and robbery on any of Spanish blood whom she can catch. Now she has been caught herself and identified, and, of course, the sentence being in full force against her, can be dealt with at once on your Excellency's command. Indeed, it would not have been necessary that you should be troubled about the thing at all had it not been that this worthy woman," and he again pointed to Black Meg, "who was the one who waylaid her, pulled her down and held her until we came, requires your certificate in order that she may claim the reward from the Treasurer of the Holy Inquisition. Therefore, you will be asked to certify that this is, indeed, the notorious heretic commonly known as Martha the Mare, but whose other name I forget, after which, if you will please to withdraw, we will see to the rest."

"You mean that she will be taken to the prison to be dealt with by the Holy Office?" queried Montalvo.

"Not exactly, Excellency," answered the sergeant with a discreet smile and a cough. "The prison, I am told, is quite full, but she may start for the prison and—there seems to be a hole in the ice into which, since Satan leads the footsteps of such people as stray, this heretic might chance to fall—or throw herself."

"What is the evidence?" asked Montalvo.

Then Black Meg stood forward, and, with the rapidity and unctuous of a spy, poured forth her tale. She identified the woman with one whom she had known who was sentenced to death by the Inquisition and escaped, and, after giving other evidence, ended by repeating the conversation which she had overheard between the accused and Lysbeth that afternoon.

"You accompanied me in a fortunate hour, Señora van Hout," said the captain gaily, "for now, to satisfy myself, as I wish to be just, and do not trust these paid hags," and he nodded towards Black Meg, "I must ask you upon your oath before God whether or no you confirm that woman's tale, and whether or no this very ugly person named the Mare called down curses upon my people and the Holy Office? Answer, and quickly, if you please, Señora, for it grows cold here and my horse is beginning to shiver."

Then, for the first time, the Mare raised her head, dragging at her hair, which had become frozen to the ice until she tore it free.

"Lysbeth van Hout," she cried in shrill, piercing tones, "would you, to please your Spanish lover, bring your father's playmate to her death? The Spanish horse is cold and cannot stay, but the poor Netherland Mare—ah! she may be thrust beneath the blue ice and bide there till her bones rot at the bottom of the moat. You have sought the Spaniards, you, whose blood should have warned you against them, and I tell you that it shall cost you dear; but if you say this word they seek, then it shall cost you everything, not only the body, but the spirit also. Woe to you, Lysbeth van Hout, if you cut me off before my work is done. I fear not death, nay I welcome it, but I tell you I have work to do before I die."

Now, in an agony of mind, Lysbeth turned and looked at Montalvo.

The Count was a man of keen perceptions, and understood it all. Leaning forward, his arm resting on the back of the sledge, as though to contemplate the prisoner, he whispered into Lysbeth's ear, so low that no one else could hear his words.

"Señora," he said, "I have no wishes in this matter. I do not desire to drown that poor mad woman, but if you confirm the spy's story, drown she must. At present I am not satisfied, so everything turns upon your evidence. I do not know what passed between you this afternoon, and personally I do not care, only, if you should chance to have no clear recollection of the matter alleged, I must make one or two little stipulations—very little ones. Let me see, they are—that you will spend the rest of this evening's

fête in my company. Further that, whenever I choose to call upon you, your door will be open to me, though I must remind you that, on three occasions already, when I have wished to pay my respects, it has been shut."

Lysbeth heard and understood. If she would save this woman's life she must expose herself to the attentions of the Spaniard, which she desired least of anything in the world. More, speaking upon her oath in the presence of God, she must utter a dreadful lie, she who as yet had never lied. For thirty seconds or more she thought, staring round her with eyes which were wild with anguish, while the scene they fell on sank into her soul in such fashion that never till her death's day did she forget its aspect.

The Mare spoke no more, she only knelt searching her face with a stern and wondering glance. A little to the right stood Black Meg, glaring at her sullenly, for the blood-money was in danger. Behind the prisoner were two of the soldiers, one putting his hand to his face to hide a yawn, while the other beat his breast to warm himself. The third soldier, who was placed somewhat in front, stirred the surface of the hole with the shaft of his halberd to break up the thin film of ice which was forming over it, while Montalvo himself, still leaning sideways and forwards, watched her eyes with an amused and cynical expression. And over all, over the desolate snows and the gabled roofs of the town behind; over the smooth blue ice, the martyr and the murderers; over the gay sledge and the fur-wrapped girl who sat within it, fell the calm light of the moon through a silence broken only by the beating of her heart, and now and again by the sigh of a frost-wind breathing among the rushes.

"Well, Señora," asked Montalvo, "if you have sufficiently reflected shall I administer the oath in the form provided?"

"Administer it," she said hoarsely.

"So, descending from the sledge, he stood in front of Lysbeth, and, lifting his cap, he repeated the oath to her, an oath strong enough to blast her soul if she swore to it with a false intent.

"In the name of God the Son and of His Blessed Mother, you swear?" he asked.

"I swear," she answered.

"Good, Señora. Now listen to me. Did you meet that woman this afternoon?"

"Yes, I met her on the ice."

"And did she in your hearing utter curses upon the Government and the Holy Church, and call upon you to assist in driving the Spaniards from the land, as this spy, whom I believe is called Black Meg, has borne witness?"

"No," said Lysbeth.

"I am afraid that is not quite enough, Señora; I may have misquoted the exact words. Did the woman say anything of the sort?"

For one second Lysbeth hesitated. Then she caught sight of the victim's watching, speculative eyes, and remembered that this crazed and broken creature once had been a child whom her father kissed and played with, and that the crime of which she was accused was that she had escaped from death at the stake.

"The water is cold to die in!" the Mare said, in a meditative voice, as though she were thinking aloud.

"Then why did you run away from the fire, heretic witch?" queried Black Meg.

Now Lysbeth hesitated no longer, but again answered in a monosyllable, "No."

"Then what did she do or say, Señora?"

"She said she had known my father, who used to play with her when she was a child, and begged for alms, that is all. Then that woman came up, and she ran away, whereon the woman said there was a price upon her head, and that she meant to have the money."

"It is a lie," screamed Black Meg in fierce, strident notes.

"If that person will not be silent, silence her," said Montalvo, addressing the sergeant. "I am satisfied," he went on, "that there is no evidence at all against the prisoner except the story of a spy, who says she believes her to be a vagrant heretic of bad character who escaped from the stake several years ago in the neighbourhood of Brussels, whither it is scarcely worth while to send to inquire about the matter. So that charge may drop. There remains the question as to whether or no the prisoner uttered certain words this afternoon, which, if she did utter them, are undoubtedly worthy of the death that, under my authority as acting commandant of this town, I have power to inflict. This question I foresaw, and that is why I asked the Señora, to whom the woman is alleged to have spoken the words, to accompany me here to give evidence. She has done so, and her evidence on oath as against the statement of a spy woman not on oath, is that no such words were spoken. This being so, as the Señora is a good Catholic whom I have no reason to disbelieve, I order the release of the prisoner, whom for my part I take for nothing more than a crazy and harmless wanderer."

"At least you will detain her till I can prove that she is the heretic who escaped from the stake near Brussels," shouted Black Meg.

"I will do nothing of the sort; the prison here is overfull already. Untie her arms and let her go."

The soldiers obeyed, wondering somewhat, and the Mare scrambled to her feet. For a moment she stood looking at her deliverer. Then crying, "We shall meet again, Lysbeth van Hout!" suddenly she turned and sped up a dyke at extraordinary speed. In a few seconds there was nothing to be seen of her but a black spot upon the white landscape, and presently she had vanished altogether.

"Gallop as you will, Mare, I shall catch you yet," screamed Black Meg after her. "And you too, my pretty little liar, who have cheated me out of a dozen florins. Wait till you are up before the Inquisition as a heretic—for that's where you'll end. No fine Spanish lover will save you then. So you have gone to the Spanish, have you, and thrown over your fat-faced burgher? well, you will have enough of Spaniards before you have done with them, I can tell you."

Twice had Montalvo tried to stop this flood of furious eloquence, which had become personal and might prove prejudicial to his interests, but without avail. Now he adopted other measures.

"Seize her," he shouted to two of the soldiers: "that's it; now hold her under water in that hole till I tell you to let her up again."

They obeyed, but it took all three of them to carry out the order, for Black Meg fought and bit like a wild cat, until at last she was thrust into the icy moat head downwards. When at length she

was released, soaked and shivering, she crept off silently through the look of fury which she cast at Montalvo and Lysbeth, new from the captain a remark that perhaps it would have been as well to have kept her under water two minutes longer.

"Now, sergeant," he added, in a genial voice, "it is a cold night, and this has been a troublesome business for a cold day, so here's something for you and your watch to warm yourselves with when you go off duty," and he handed him what in those days was a very handsome present. "By the way," he said. "The men saluted him gratefully, "perhaps you will do me a favour. It is only to take this black horse of mine to his stable and harness the grey trooper nag to my sledge instead, as I wish to go round the moat, and my beast is tired."

Again the men saluted and set to work to change the horses, whereon Lysbeth, guessing her cavalier's purpose, turned as though to fly away, for her skates were still upon her feet. But he was watching.

"Señora," he said in a quiet voice, "I think that you gave me the promise of your company for the rest of this evening, and I am certain," he added with a slight bow, "that you are a lady whom nothing would induce to tell an untruth. Had I not been sure that I should scarcely have accepted your evidence so readily just now."

Lysbeth winced visibly. "I thought, Señor, that you were going to return to the fête."

"I do not remember saying so, Señora," and as a matter of fact I have pickets to visit. Do not be afraid, the drive is coming in this moonlight, and afterwards perhaps you will come and you hospitality so far as to ask me to supper at your house."

Still she hesitated, dismay written on her face.

"Jufvrouw Lysbeth," he said in an altered voice, "in my country we have a homely proverb which says, 'she who buys pays. You have bought and—the goods have been delivered. Do you understand? Ah! allow me to have the pleasure of arranging those terms. I knew that you were the soul of honour, and were but—shall we say teasing me? Otherwise, had you really wished to get, of course you would have skated away just now while you had the opportunity. That is why I gave it you, as naturally I should not wish to detain you against your will."

Lysbeth heard and was aghast, for this man's cleverness overwhelmed her. At every step he contrived to put her in the wrong; moreover she was crushed by the sense that he had justice on his side. She had bought and she must pay. Why had she bought? Not for any advantage of her own, but from an impulse of human pity—to save a fellow-creature's life. And why should she have perfured herself so deeply in order to save that life? She was a Catholic and had no sympathy with such people. Probably this one was an Anabaptist, one of that dreadful sect which practised nameless immoralities, and ran stripped through the streets crying that they were "the naked Truth." Was it then because this creature had declared that she had known her father in her childhood? To some extent yes; but was not there more behind? Had she not been influenced by the woman's invocation about the Spaniards, of which the true meaning came home to her during that dreadful sledge race; at the moment, indeed, when she saw the Satanic look upon the face of Montalvo? It seemed to her that this was so, though at the time she had not understood it; it seemed to her that she was not a free agent; that some force pushed her forward which she could neither control nor understand.

Moreover—and this was the worst of it—she felt that little good could come of her sacrifice, or that if good came, at least it would not be to her or hers. Now she was as a fish in a net, though why it was worth this brilliant Spaniard's while to snare her she could not understand, for she forgot that she was beautiful and a woman of property. Well, to save the blood of another she had bought, and in her own blood and happiness, or in that of these dear to her, assuredly she must pay, however cruel and unjust might be the price.

Such were the thoughts that passed through Lysbeth's mind as the strong Flemish gelding lumbered forward, dragging the sledge at the same steady pace over rough ice and smooth. And all the while Montalvo behind her was chatting pleasantly about this matter and that; telling her of the orange groves in Spain, of the Court of the Emperor Charles, of adventures in the French wars, and many other things, to which conversation she made such an effort as courtesy demanded and no more. What would Dirk think, she was wondering, and her cousin, Pieter van de Werff, whose good opinion she valued, and all the gossip of Leyden? She only prayed that they might not have missed her, or at least that they took it for granted that she had gone home.

On this point, however, she was soon destined to be undeceived, for presently, trudging over the snow-covered ice and carrying his useless skates in his hand, they met a young man whom she knew as Dirk's fellow apprentice. On seeing them he stopped in front of the sledge in such a position that the horse, a sturdy and patient animal, pulled up of its own accord.

"Is the Jufvrouw Lysbeth van Hout there?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," she replied, but before she could say more Montalvo broke in, inquiring what might be the matter.

"Nothing," he answered, "except that she was lost and I, van Goorl, my friend, sent me to look for her this way while I took the other."

"Indeed. Then, noble sir, perhaps you will find the Hon. Dirk von Goorl and tell him that the Señora, his cousin, is merely taking an evening drive, and that if he comes to her house in an hour's time he will find her safe and sound, and with her myself, the Count Juan de Montalvo, whom she has honoured with an invitation to supper."

Then, before the astonished messenger could answer, Lysbeth indeed, Lysbeth could offer any explanation of his words, Montalvo lashed up the horse and left him standing on the moat bewildered, his cap off and scratching his head.

After this they proceeded on a journey which seemed to Lysbeth almost interminable. When the circuit of the walls was finished, Montalvo halted at one of the shut gates, and, calling to the guard within, summoned them to open. This caused delay and investigation, for at first the sergeant of the guard would not believe it was his acting commandant who called to him.

"Pardon, Excellency," he said when he had inspected him with a lantern, "but I did not think that you would be going the rounds with a lady in your sledge," and holding up the light the man

took a long look at Lysbeth, grinning visibly as he recognised her.

"Ah, he is a gay bird, the captain, a very gay bird, and it's a pretty Dutch dickey he is teaching to pipe now," she heard him call to a comrade as he closed the heavy gates behind their sleigh.

Then followed more visits to other military posts in the town, and with each visit a further explanation. All this while the Count Montalvo uttered no word beyond those of ordinary compliment, and ventured on no act of familiarity; his conversation and demeanour, indeed, remaining perfectly courteous and respectful. So far as it went this was satisfactory, but at length there came a moment when Lysbeth felt that she could bear the position no longer.

"Señor," she said briefly, "take me home; I grow faint."

"With hunger doubtless," he interrupted. "Well, by heaven! so do I. But, my dear lady, as you know, duty must be attended to, and, after all, you may have found some interest in accompanying me on a tour of the pickets at night. I know your people speak roughly of us Spanish soldiers, but I hope that after this you will be able to bear testimony to their discipline. Although it is a fete day you will be my witness that we have not found a man off duty or the worse for drink. Here, you," he called to a soldier who stood up to salute him, "follow me to the house of the Jufvrouw Lysbeth van Hout, where I sup, and lead this sledge back to my quarters."

CHAPTER III.

MONTALVO WINS A TRICK

TURNING up the Bree Straat, then as now perhaps the finest in the town of Leyden, Montalvo halted the horse before a substantial house fronted with three round-headed gables, of which the largest—that over the entrance in the middle—was shaped into two windows with balconies. This was Lysbeth's house which had been left to her by her father, where, until such time as she should please to marry, she dwelt with her aunt, Clara van Ziel. The soldier whom he had summoned having run to the horse's head, Montalvo leapt from his driver's seat to assist the lady to alight. At the moment Lysbeth was occupied with wild ideas of swift escape, but even if she could make up her mind to try it there was an obstacle which her thoughtful cavalier had foreseen.

"Jufvrouw van Hout," he said as he pulled up, "do you remember that you are still wearing skates?"

"It was true, though in her agitation she had forgotten all about them, and the fact put sudden flight out of the question. She could not struggle into her own house walking on the sides of her feet like the tame seal which old fisherman Hans had brought from northern seas. It would be too ridiculous, and the servants would certainly tell the story all about the town. Better for a while longer to put up with the company of this odious Spaniard than to become a laughing-stock in an attempt to fly. Besides, even if she found herself on the other side of it, could she shut the door in his face? Would her promise let her, and would he consent?

"Yes," she answered briefly, "I will call my servant."

Then for the first time the Count became complimentary in a dignified Spanish manner.

"Let no base-born menial hold the foot which it is an honour for an hidalgo of Spain to touch. I am your servant," he said, and resting one knee on the snow-covered step he waited.

Again there was nothing to be done, so Lysbeth must needs thrust out her foot from which very delicately and carefully he unstrapped the skate.

"What Jack can bear Jill must put up with," muttered Lysbeth to herself as she advanced the other foot. Just at that moment, however, the door behind them began to open.

"She who buys," murmured Montalvo as he commenced on the second set of straps. Then the door swung wide, and the voice of Dirk van Goorl was heard saying in a tone of relief—

"Yes, sure enough it is she, Tante Clara, and someone is taking off her boots."

"Skates, Señor, skates," interrupted Montalvo, glancing backwards over his shoulder, then added in a whisper as he bent once more to his task, "ahem—pays. You will introduce me, is it not so? I think it will be less awkward for you."

So, as flight was impossible, for he held her by the foot, and an instinct told her that, especially to the man she loved, the only thing to do was to make light of the affair, Lysbeth said—

"Dirk, Cousin Dirk, I think you know—this is—the Honourable Captain the Count Juan de Montalvo."

"Ah! it is the Señor van Goorl," said Montalvo, pulling off the skates and rising from his knee, which, from his excess of courtesy, was now wet through. "Señor, allow me to return to you, safe and sound, the fair lady of whom I have robbed you for a while."

"For a while, captain?" blurted Dirk; "why, from first to last, she has been gone nearly four hours, and a fine state we have been in about her."

"That will all be explained presently, Señor—at supper, to which the Jufvrouw has been so courteous as to ask me," then, aside and below his breath, again the ominous word of reminder—"pays." "Most happily, your cousin's presence was the means of saving a fellow-creature's life. But, as I have said, the tale is long, Señora—permit," and in another second Lysbeth found herself walking down her own hall upon the arm of the Spaniard, while Dirk, her aunt, and some guests followed obediently behind.

Now Montalvo knew that his difficulties were over for that evening at any rate, since he had crossed the threshold and was a guest.

Half unconsciously Lysbeth guided him to the balconied *sit-kamer* on the first floor, which in our day would answer to the drawing-room. Here several other of her friends were gathered, for it had been arranged that the ice festival should end with a supper as rich as the house could give. To these, too, she must introduce her cavalier, who bowed courteously to each in turn. Then she escaped, but, as she passed him, distinctly, she could swear, did she see his lips shape themselves to the hateful word—"pays."

When she reached her chamber, so great was Lysbeth's wrath and indignation that almost she choked with it, till again reason came to her aid, and with reason a desire to carry the thing off as well as might be. So she told her maid Greta to robe her in her best garment, and to hang about her neck that famous collar of pearls which her father had brought from the East, that was the

talk and envy of half the women in Leyden. On her head, too, she placed the cap of lovely lace which had been a wedding gift given to her mother by her grandmother, the old dame who wove it. Then she added such golden ornaments as it was customary for women of her class to wear, and descended to the gathering room.

Meanwhile, Montalvo had not been idle. Taking Dirk aside, and pleading his travel-worn condition, he had prayed him to lead him to some room where he might order his dress and person. This Dirk did, though with an ill grace, but so pleasant did Montalvo make himself to him during those few minutes, that before he ushered him back to the company in some way Dirk found himself convinced that this particular Spaniard was not, as the saying went, "as black as his mustachios." He felt almost sure too, although he had not yet found time to tell him the details of it, that there was some excellent reason to account for his having carried off the adorable Lysbeth during an entire afternoon and evening.

It is true that there still remained the strange circumstance of the attempted foul of his cousin Van de Werff's sledge in the great race, but, after all, why should there not be some explanation of this also? It had happened, if it did happen, at quite a distance from the winning post, when there were few people to see what passed. Indeed, now that he came to think of it, the only real evidence on the matter was that of his cousin, the little girl passenger, since Van de Werff himself had brought no actual accusation against his opponent.

Shortly after they returned to the company it was announced that supper had been served, whereon ensued a pause. It was broken by Montalvo, who, stepping forward, offered his hand to Lysbeth, saying in a voice that all could hear—

"Lady, my companion of the race, permit the humblest representative of the greatest monarch in the world to have an honour which doubtless that monarch would be glad to claim."

That settled the matter, for as the acting commandant of the Spanish garrison of Leyden had chosen to refer to his official position, it was impossible to question his right of precedence over a number of folk, who, although prominent in their way, were but unennobled Netherlander burghers.

Lysbeth, indeed, did find courage to point to a rather flurried and spasmodic lady with grey hair who was fanning herself as though the season were July, and wondering whether the cook would come up to the grand Spaniard's expectations, and to murmur "My aunt." But she got no further, for the Count instantly added in a low voice—

"Doubtless comes next in the direct line, but unless my education has been neglected, the heiress of the house who is of age goes before the collateral—however aged."

By this time they were through the door, so it was useless to argue the point further, and again Lysbeth felt herself overmatched and submitted. In another minute they had passed down the stairs, entered the dining hall, and were seated side by side at the head of the long table, of which the foot was occupied presently by Dirk van Goorl and her aunt, who was also his cousin, the widow Clara van Ziel.

There was a silence while the domestics began their service, of which Montalvo took opportunity to study the room, the table and the guests. It was a fine room panelled with German oak, and lighted sufficiently, if not brilliantly, by two hanging brass chandeliers of the famous Flemish workmanship, in each of which were fixed eighteen of the best candles, while on the sideboards were branch candlesticks, also of worked brass. The light thus provided was supplemented by that from the great fire of peat and old ships' timber which burned in a wide blue-tiled fire-place, half way down the chamber, throwing its reflections upon many a flagon and bowl of cunningly hammered silver that adorned the table and the sideboards.

The company was of the same character as the furniture, handsome and solid; people of means, every man and woman of them, accumulated by themselves or their fathers, in the exercise of the honest and profitable trade whereof at this time the Netherlands had a practical monopoly.

"I have made no mistake," thought Montalvo to himself, as he surveyed the room and its occupants. "My little neighbour's necklace alone is worth more cash than ever I had the handling of, and the plate would add up handsomely. Well, before very long I hope to be in a position to make its inventory." Then, having first crossed himself devoutly, he fell to upon a supper that was well worth his attention, even in a land which was noted for the luxury of its food and wines and the superb appetites of those who consumed them.

It must not be supposed, however, that the gallant captain allowed eating to strangle conversation. On the contrary, finding that his hostess was in no talkative mood, he addressed himself to his fellow guests, chatting with them pleasantly upon every convenient subject. Among these guests was none other than Pieter van de Werff, his conqueror in that afternoon's contest, upon whose watchful and suspicious reserve he brought all his batteries to bear.

First he congratulated Pieter and lamented his own ill-luck, and this with great earnestness, for as a matter of fact he had lost much more money on the event than he could afford to pay. Then he praised the grey horse and asked if he was for sale, offering his own black in part payment.

"A good nag," he said, "but one that I do not wish to conceal has his faults, which must be taken into consideration if it comes to the point of putting a price upon him. For instance, Mynheer van de Werff, you may have noticed the dreadful position in which the brute put me towards the end of the race. There are certain things that this horse always shies at, and one of them is a red cloak. Now I don't know if you saw that a girl in a red cloak suddenly appeared on the bank. In an instant the brute was round and you may imagine what my feelings were, being in charge of your fair kinswoman, for I thought to a certainty that we should be over. What is more, it quite spoilt my chance of the race, for after he has shied like that, the black turns sulky, and won't let himself go."

When Lysbeth heard this amazing explanation, remembering the facts, she almost gasped. And yet now that she came to think of it, a girl in a red cloak did appear near them at the moment, and the horse did whip round as though it had shied violently. Was it possible, she wondered, that the captain had not really intended to foul the Badger sledge?

Meanwhile Van de Werff was answering in his slow voice. Apparently he accepted Montalvo's explanation; at least he said that he, too, had seen the red-cloaked girl, and was glad that nothing serious had come of the mishap. As regarded the proposed deal, he should be most happy to go into it upon the lines mentioned, as the grey, although a very good horse, was aged, and he thought the barb one of the most beautiful beasts that he had ever seen. At this point, as he had not the slightest intention of parting with his valuable charger, at any rate on such terms, Montalvo changed the subject.

At length, when men, and, for the matter of that, women, too, had well eaten, and the beautiful tall Flemish glasses not for the first time were replenished with the best Rhenish or Spanish wines, Montalvo, taking advantage of a pause in the conversation, rose and said that he wished to claim the privilege of a stranger among them and to propose a toast, namely, the health of his late adversary Pieter van de Werff.

At this the audience applauded, for they were all very proud of the young man's success, and some of them had won money over him. Still more did they applaud, being great judges of culinary matters, when the Spaniard began his speech by an eloquent tribute to the surpassing excellence of the supper. Rarely, he assured them, and especially did he assure the honourable widow Van Ziel (who blushed all over with pleasure at his compliments, and fanned herself with such vigour that she upset Dirk's wine over his new tunic, cut in the Brussels style), the fame of whose skill in such matters had travelled so far as The Hague, for he had heard of it there himself—rarely even in the Courts of Kings and Emperors, or at the tables of Popes and Archbishops, had he eaten food so exquisitely cooked, or drunk wines of a better vintage.

Then, passing on to the subject of his speech, Van de Werff, he toasted him and his horse and his little sister and his sledge, in really well-chosen and appropriate terms, not by any means overdoing it, for he confessed frankly that his defeat was a bitter disappointment to him, especially as every soldier in the camp had expected him to win and—he was afraid—backed him for more than they could afford. Also, incidentally, so that everyone might be well acquainted with it, he re-told the story of the girl with the red cloak. Next, suddenly dropping his voice and adopting a quieter manner, he addressed himself to the Aunt Clara and the "well-beloved Heer Dirk," saying that he owed them both an apology, which he must take this opportunity to make, for having detained the lady at his right during so unreasonable a time that afternoon. When, however, they had heard the facts they would, he was sure, blame him no longer, especially if he told them that this breach of good manners had been the means of saving a human life.

Immediately after the race, he explained, one of his sergeants had found him out to tell him that a woman, suspected of certain crimes against life and property and believed to be a notorious escaped witch or heretic, had been captured, and asked, for pressing reasons which he need not trouble them with, that he would deal with the case at once. This woman also, so said the man, had been heard that very afternoon to make use of the most horrible, the most traitorous and blaspheming language to a lady of Leyden, the Jufvrouw Lysbeth van Hout, indeed, as was deposed to by a certain spy named Black Meg, who had overheard the conversation.

Now, went on Montalvo, as he knew well every man and woman in that room would share his horror of traitorous and blasphemous heretics—here most of the company crossed themselves, especially those who were already secret adherents of the New Religion. Still, even heretics had a right to a fair trial; at least he, who although a soldier by profession, was a man who honestly detested unnecessary bloodshed, held that opinion. Also long experience taught him great mistrust of the evidence of informers, who had a money interest in the conviction of the accused. Lastly, it did not seem well to him that the name of a young and noble lady should be mixed up in such a business. As they knew under the recent edicts, his powers in these cases were absolute; indeed, in his official capacity he was ordered at once to consign any suspected of Anabaptism or other forms of heresy to be dealt with by the appointed courts, and in the case of people who had escaped, to cause them, on satisfactory proof of their identity, to be executed instantly without any further trial. Under these circumstances, fearing that did the lady know his purpose she might take fright, he had, he confessed, resorted to artifice, as he was very anxious both for her sake and in the interest of justice that she should bear testimony in the matter. So he asked her to accompany him on a short drive while he attended to a business affair; a request to which she had graciously assented.

"Friends," he went on in a still more solemn voice, "the rest of my story is short. Indeed do I congratulate myself on the decision that I took, for when confronted with the prisoner your young and honourable hostess was able upon oath to refute the story of the spy, with the result that I in my turn was able to save an unfortunate, and, as I believe, a half-crazed creature from an immediate and a cruel death. Is it not so, lady?" and helpless in the net of circumstance, not knowing indeed what else to do, Lysbeth bowed her head in assent.

"Friends," he went on in a still more solemn voice, "the rest of my story is short. Indeed do I congratulate myself on the decision that I took, for when confronted with the prisoner your young and honourable hostess was able upon oath to refute the story of the spy, with the result that I in my turn was able to save an unfortunate, and, as I believe, a half-crazed creature from an immediate and a cruel death. Is it not so, lady?" and helpless in the net of circumstance, not knowing indeed what else to do, Lysbeth bowed her head in assent.

"I think," concluded Montalvo, "that after this explanation, what may have appeared to be a breach of manners will be forgiven. I have only one other word to add. My position is peculiar; I am an official here, and I speak boldly among friends taking the risk that any of you present will use what I say against me, which for my part I do not believe. Although there is no better Catholic and no truer Spaniard in the Netherlands, I have been accused of showing too great a sympathy with your people, and of dealing too leniently with those who have incurred the displeasure of our Holy Church. In the cause of right and justice I am willing to bear such aspersions; still this is a slanderous world, a world in which truth does not always prevail. Therefore, although I have told you nothing but the exact truth, I do suggest that in the interests of your hostess—in my own humble interest who might be misrepresented, and I may add in the interest of everyone present at this board—that it will perhaps be well that the details of the story which I have had the honour of telling you should not be spread about—that they should in fact find a grave within these walls. Friends, do you agree?"

Then moved by a common impulse, and by a common if a secret fear, with the single exception of Lysbeth, every person present, yes, even the cautious and far-seeing young Van de Werff, echoed "We agree."



HMP

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT E. PEAKE KNOBELL.

THE OATH OF NEUTRALITY.

The desire of the Boers for showing neutrality to the Boers has been so much the desire of the Boers that they have, after swearing an oath of neutrality, given their names to the Boers presented to the Boer Marshal's office. Major-General Grahame Captain Phillips, Ford Dunderald's

Provost-Marshal, is seated at a camp table to receive Mausers and ammunition from Boers who wish to take the oath of neutrality, and is making out the declarations for Boers to sign. Round him are Boers waiting to sign and the officer anxiously to see if they can practise any "shameless." Close by are the

Marshall's bodyguard, with Boer Landjagers, rifles and ammunition on the ground. The bodyguard is absolutely necessary for the Provost, as he has sometimes to visit dangerous localities in search of arms. Besides acting as a bodyguard these men act also as military police, and prevent looting. On the right of the picture are Boer "Spiders" (as the national vehicles are called) waiting for the Boers who are being sworn. In the open the King's (Boer) (on the left) are waiting to hand the surrendered rifles to the Boer Marshal before giving them up as the Boer is rather fond of removing parts of the mechanism of his rifle before

THE OATH OF NEUTRALITY: BOER'S BEING SWORN AT GREYLINGSTAD

"Friends," said Montalvo, "those simple words carry to my mind conviction as deep as any vow however solemn; as deep, if that were possible, as did the oath of your hostess, upon the faith of which I felt myself justified in acquitting the poor creature who was alleged to be an escaped heretic." Then with a courteous and all-embracing bow Montalvo sat down.

"What a good man! What a delightful man!" murmured Aunt Clara to Dirk in the buzz of conversation which ensued.

"Yes, yes, cousin, but—"

"And what discrimination he has, what taste! Did you notice what he said about the cooking?"

"I heard something—"

"It is true that folk have told me that my capon stewed in milk, such as we had to-night—Why, lad, what is the matter with your doublet? You fidget me by continually rubbing at it."

"You have upset the red wine over it, that is all," answered Dirk, sulkily. "It is spoiled."

"And little loss either; to tell you the truth, Dirk, I never saw a coat worse cut. You young men should learn in the matter of clothes from the Spanish gentlemen. Look at his Excellency, the Count Montalvo, for instance—"

"See here, aunt" broke in Dirk with suppressed fury, "I think I have heard enough about Spaniards and the Captain Montalvo for one night. First of all he spirits off Lysbeth and is absent with her for four hours, then he invites himself to supper and places himself at the head of the table with her, setting me down to the dullest meal I ever ate at the other end—"

"Cousin Dirk," said Aunt Clara with dignity, "your temper has got the better of your manners. Certainly you might learn courtesy as well as dress, even from so humble a person as a Spanish hidalgo and commander." Then she rose from the table, adding—"come, Lysbeth, if you are ready, let us leave these gentlemen to their wine."

After the ladies had gone the feast went on merrily. In those days nearly everybody drank too much liquor, at any rate at feasts, and this company was no exception. Even Montalvo, his game being won and the strain on his nerves relaxed, partook pretty freely, and began to talk in proportion to his potations. Still, so clever was the man that in his cups he yet showed method, for his conversation revealed a sympathy with Netherlander grievances and a tolerance of view in religious matters rarely displayed by a Spaniard.

From such questions they drifted into a military discussion, and Montalvo, challenged by Van de Werff, who, as it happened, had not drunk too much wine, explained how, were he officer in command, he would defend Leyden from attack by an overwhelming force. Very soon Van de Werff saw that he was a capable soldier who had studied his profession, and being himself a capable civilian with a thirst for knowledge pressed the argument from point to point.

"And suppose," he asked at length, "that the city were starving and still untaken, so that its inhabitants must either fall into the hands of the enemy or burn the place over their heads, what would you do then?"

"Then, Mynheer, if I were a small man, I should yield to the clamour of the starving folk and surrender—"

"And if you were a big man, captain?"

"If I were a big man—ah! if I were a big man, why then—should cut the dykes and let the sea beat once more against the walls of Leyden. An army cannot live in salt water, Mynheer."

"That would drown out the farmers and ruin the land for twenty years."

"Quite so, Mynheer, but when the corn has to be saved, who thinks of spoiling the straw?"

"I follow you, Señor. Your proverb is good, although I have never heard it."

"Many good things come from Spain, Mynheer, including this red wine. One more glass with you, for, if you will allow me to say it, you are a man worth meeting over a glass—or a sword."

"I hope that you will always retain the same opinion of me," answered Van de Werff as he drank, "at the trencher or in the trenches."

Then Pieter went home, and before he slept that night made careful notes of all the Spaniard's suggested military dispositions, both of attackers and attacked, writing underneath them the proverb about the corn and the straw. There existed no real reason why he should have done so, as he was only a civilian engaged in business, but Pieter van de Werff chanced to be a provident young man who knew that many things might happen which could not precisely be foreseen. As it chanced in after years, a time came when he was able to put Montalvo's advice to good use. All readers of the history of the Netherlands know how the Burgomaster Pieter van de Werff saved Leyden from the Spanish.

As for Dirk van Goorl, he sought his lodging rather tipsy, and arm-in-arm with none other than Captain the Count Don Juan de Montalvo.

(To be continued)

The War in South Africa

A Proclamation and a Manifesto

By a curious coincidence it was on the anniversary of the day which beheld the practical birth of the German Empire that the



This boy, James Smith, travelled from the United States to the Transvaal with an address of sympathy for ex-President Kruger, signed by 29,000 schoolboys in Philadelphia. The boy accomplished his errand and had an interview with Mr. Kruger, who warmly expressed his gratitude. Our illustration is from a photograph supplied by Photogetter, London

THE AMERICAN "JAGGERS"

British Empire in South Africa was also consolidated, and in both cases the result was brought about by a policy of "blood and iron." It was on the year-day of Sedan that Lord Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford issued from Belfast another good Irish name, a proclamation

announcing, *urbi et orbi*, that the territory hitherto known as the South African Republic would henceforth, under the name of the Transvaal, form an integral part of the Queen's dominions. Thus the object of this miserable conflict has already been achieved, though at a cost to us of about 41,000 human casualties of all kinds, including 27,000 officers and men sent home as invalids, up to date, not to mention the money sacrifice of, say, seventy millions sterling on which the nation will be the poorer at the close of the war. And there are now multiplying signs that this end cannot be far off, even without the pressure which Lord Roberts would be entitled to apply to the Boers by declaring them to be rebels to the authority of the Queen, and by treating them as such. Little wonder that when the Commander-in-Chief's proclamation was communicated to the Cape Parliament, with a minute from the High Commissioner, "it was received in silence by the members of the Opposition."

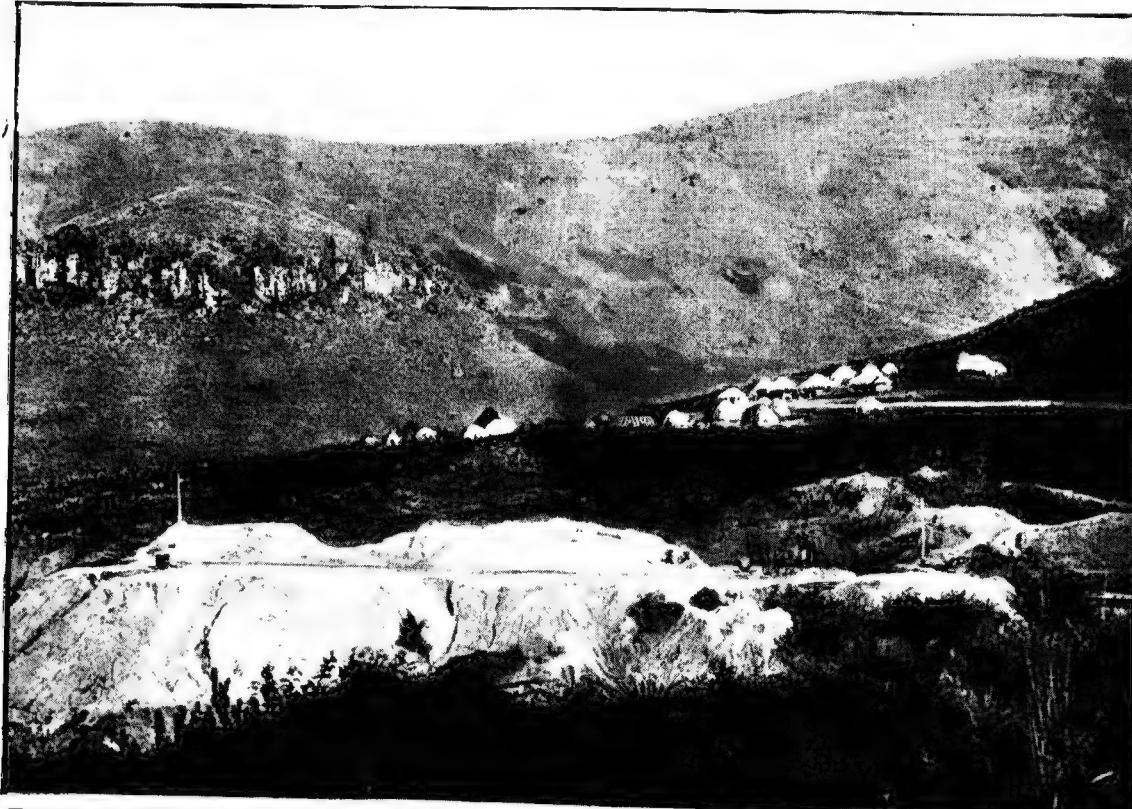
Guerilla Warfare

In view of this it is not altogether surprising to hear that the Boers are now giving way to despair, though there is a courage born of despair which continues to make them very troublesome to us in various parts of the annexed territories. For they have again laid siege to Ladybrand, necessitating the despatch of General Hunter to the relief of its hard-pressed garrison, who were said to have been reduced to the burning of their stores for fear of their falling into the hands of the enemy, while Theron and his brigand "scouts" had the audacity to attack the Johannesburg waterworks and demolish one of our supply trains at the Klip River. On the other hand numerous captures of men, arms, ammunition and live stock have been placed to our credit account by Plumer and others in various parts of the seat of war; while Buller had been doing his best to occupy Lydenburg and thus practically end the war by seizing the immense quantities of stores of all kinds which have been accumulated there by the Boers. Deprived of their bread-baskets and their magazines, and with their sources of seaward supply cut off by our seizure of the Delagoa Railway, the burghers would find it difficult, if not impossible, to carry on even the guerilla warfare, which is now all they are capable of in spite of the fighting force still at the disposal of General Botha, who set himself to defend Lydenburg, while the two ex-Presidents have trekked further to the east, Nelspruit or Barberton, showing themselves as ubiquitous and ungetatable as the ghost in *Hamlet*.

Botha and Buller

No sooner had Buller, under Roberts, possessed himself of Machadodorp in a brilliantly enough manner, then he pushed on towards Nooitgedacht, and was soon to be gratified by the arrival thence some 1,800 British prisoners, whom their captors had released owing to their inability to feed and guard them—a release which more than anything else betokened the straits to which Botha and his Boers had now been reduced. North-east to Helvetia—well-named from the mountainous character of the country there—ever pressed Buller, encountering but little resistance, even of the rear-guard kind, Pole-Carew co-operating with him on the left, until Badfontein was reached, when it began to appear as if Botha seemed bent on making another of his "numerous" last stands," with the help of ten guns, including "Long Toms" and pom-poms. Holding the lofty headlands shutting in the valley, these guns covered and converged upon the road which was Buller's only outlet to the north, forming a kind of second Laing's Nek. Up to then the casualties of Buller's column since August 25—that is for twelve days' fighting—had been one officer killed and three died of their wounds, one officer made prisoner, and sixteen wounded, twenty-five men killed, thirty-four "missing," and 189 wounded, while it was reckoned that the Boer losses had been much heavier. The certainty of a great sacrifice of life deterred Buller from making a frontal attack on the Lydenburg, Laing's Nek, and Lord Roberts sent a column to assist him on his left flank. The capture of Lydenburg will be a very serious task, but it must be performed at all costs, and then we shall see the beginning of the end.

C. L.



The reports as to Mr. Kruger's whereabouts are conflicting, and it is difficult to ascertain the exact spot to which he has moved his gold and his centre of Government. Pilgrim's Rest, one of the places mentioned, is a centre of the Lydenburg Gold Fields

PILGRIM'S REST: EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER'S LATEST CAPITAL



The men of the Durban Light Infantry have erected a memorial over the grave of Lieutenant-General William Penn Symons at Dundee. It bears the following inscription:—"Lieutenant-General William Penn Symons fell mortally wounded on October 20, 1899. Erected by the Durban Light Infantry." The man standing by the side of the grave is a Durban Light Infantryman, Private J. O'Connell

A HERO'S GRAVE AT DUNDEE

Mr. D. J. McMAN

Lord Wiverton's TETRAH

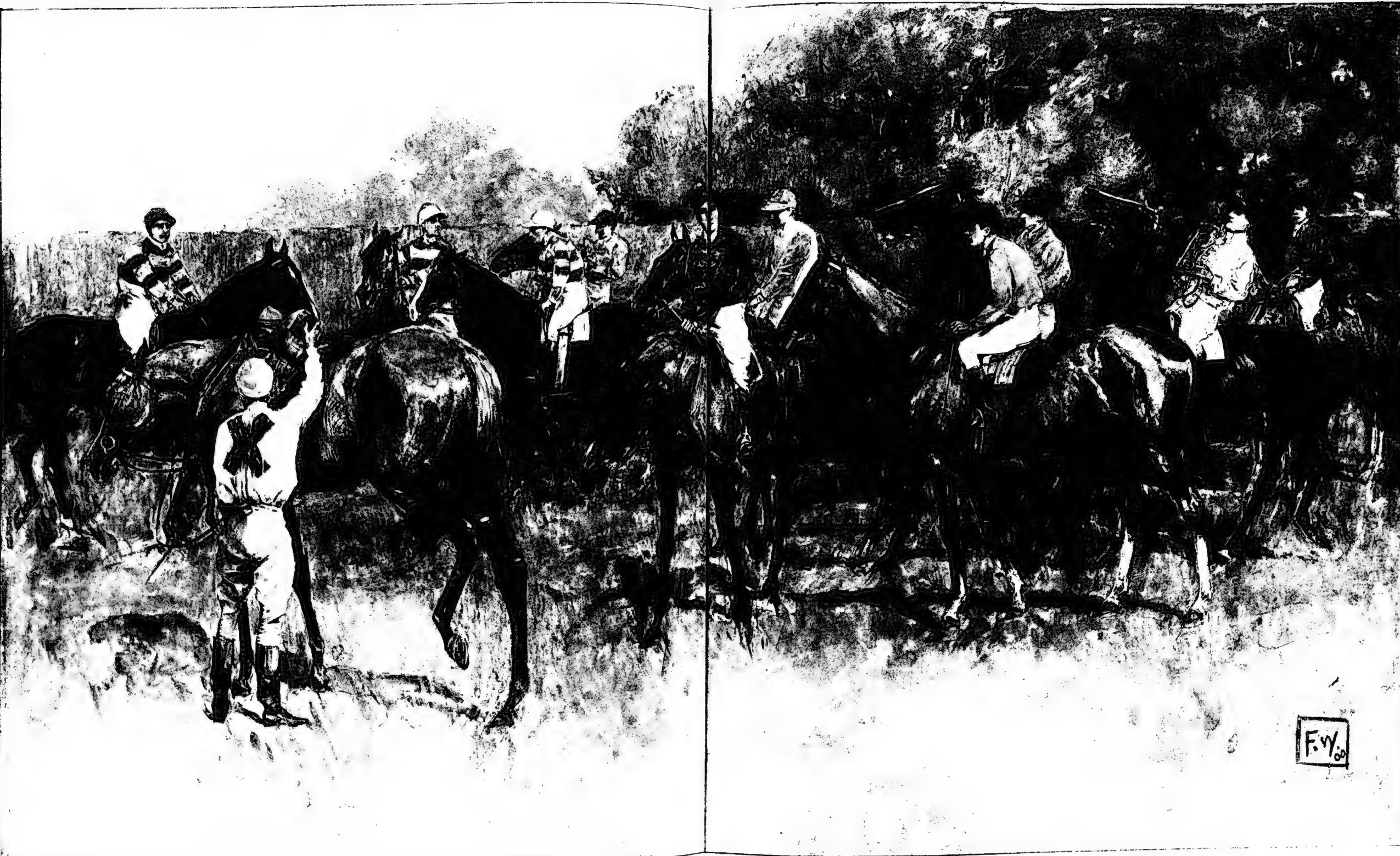
Lord William Beresford's CAYMAN

Mr. Frank COX'S EAGER

Lord William Petre's R. B. A. V. M.

Mr. Edward LEWIS' F. X.
P. G. & Co.'s W. W.

V. G. D. & C. L.



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F. W. White's CITY

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Lord William Petre's F. M.

THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH RACEHORSES OF THE DAY

SPECIALLY DRAWN FROM LIFE IN "THE GRAPHIC" BY FRED WHITNEY

The Chinese Crisis

By CHARLES LOWE

A Garden Party at Peking

The present situation in China naturally falls into two interlocking phases—the military and the diplomatic—and it is the former that has most engrossed public interest during the past week. In the narrative of Peking the story has now been rounded off by the addition of some picturesque details. "The British," according to one English lady in Peking, "in spite of international difficulties, were in first. I think we could not have held out much longer if it had not been as bad a time as we thought it would be at times, or as it might have been. It is the loss of life that made it so sad. Otherwise, it was most interesting, and in itself, I am most thankful to have been through it, and would not have missed having this experience for worlds." "The relief of the Legation," telegraphs another correspondent, "was up to rank with that of Lucknow Residency The meeting of the besieged with the relieving troops gave rise to scenes of wild enthusiasm, men and women cheering and shaking hands with officers, soldiers, and camp followers—with the latter, in fact, who came along. We found the defenders in much better health and spirits than we had expected. The food supply had not failed, so that, although they were compelled to eat raw fish, they did not suffer from starvation. The ladies, in particular, had all behaved with a light-hearted heroism which contrasted itself to the regular troops defending the British Legation. The ladies became so accustomed to the fire of the Chinese that it was difficult to restrain them from walking about the grounds at all times, so that notices like the following had to be posted up:—'As there is likely to be a severe dropping fire to-day, women and children are forbidden to walk about the grounds.'

grounds from first to last—400 of them in one day. Through most of the siege 414 people lived within the Legation, which was defended by 314 Marines and 85 Volunteers, commanded by Captain Poole. Eleven civilians were killed and 19 wounded, while 54 Marines and sailors were killed and 112 wounded. The Chinese had pressed the siege with bloodthirsty doggedness—advancing their barricades at night in the boldest manner. They crept up in the darkness with armfuls of bricks, and in the morning the foreigners beheld a new wall a few feet nearer, so that finally they could hear the conversation of the Chinese officers. When urged by their officers to charge the "foreign devils," and exterminate them before the arrival of the relieving force, the soldiers, like the Boers, replied that they could not face the bayonets of the British. The march of that relieving force from Tientsin to the capital was one of terrible hardship and endurance, not surpassed by anything of the kind during the Indian Mutiny. The last five days was the worst, the temperature being about 100 deg., and the road one of deep sand "through shadeless fields of tall thin corn." The Japanese, it is said, proved themselves to be the hardest troops, and after them the Russians; while the British and the Americans were "pushed to the utmost" to keep up with the Japs, who, being provided with the best transport, made the pace. The Americans suffered most severely from the hardships endured, and towards the end the officers could only keep the men at work by appealing to their pride. "Don't let the Britishers beat you," "Don't let the Russians get ahead," were frequently heard. The relieving force left behind it a track of fallen men and dead horses, and its transport, said one correspondent, was a unique spectacle. "Miles of coolies, vehicles and animals trailed behind the troops. Had the Chinese taken the offensive most of the transport might easily have been captured, and its escort cut to pieces by small flanking parties. When it became apparent that the enemy were demoralised, the Generals trusted the transport to luck, and bent all their efforts on getting ahead. Only such an emergency as existed could have justified the hardships imposed upon the troops."

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

I SEE in the papers that some one has taken occasion to doubt the pleasure conferred on a town child by a country holiday. The youngsters are said not to enjoy themselves and to grow bored with green trees and flowery meadows. Moreover, those most inclined to grumble are the little girls; they are less enterprising and live more in a groove. This assertion is applicable not only to girls but to the mothers. Several women sent to the country by philanthropists complained that it was so dull; there was nothing to be done, nothing to see. Town servants suffer also. The lighted shops, the gas, the omnibuses, the run round the corner, the familiar gossip—all are wanting. I have seen a town girl run a quarter of a mile down the road just to listen to the strains of a barrel organ because it reminded her of London. It is not surprising. Reflect on the condition of the uneducated mind, untutored by refinement, untinged with art, ignorant of botany, drawing, the beauty of colour. The cure for this apathy and *ennui* is not to send the townspeople less to the country but more, until they understand its delights, can appreciate its charm, can drink in its restfulness and beauty, and learn to love it.

Grouse and partridge shooting are at their height, the weather is favourable, the season good, and crowds of English sportsmen wend their way eagerly north. How many of them derive much pleasure from the sport may be doubted. It would be invidious, perhaps, to ask for the keeper's opinion of their prowess. The Scotch stalker is especially sarcastic on these occasions.

In Australia as in England the difficulty of finding servants is



These men were at the capture of Spion Kop, and were afterwards invalided home, some of them having no fewer than three bullets in their bodies and many of them two. No sooner had they recovered from their wounds than they volunteered to go back, and having been accepted they sailed last week in

the ss. Canada. They belong to the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, a regiment that has highly distinguished itself during the campaign in South Africa. Our photograph is by G. Wright, Southsea

HEROES OF OLD IRELAND: INVALIDED HOME AND OFF TO THE FRONT AGAIN

but they walked about all the same. When a proposal was made to petition the Tsung-li-Yamen for vegetables, one of the ladies said, "We would rather starve." General Gaselee, on entering the Legation grounds through the Water Gate, was, like his men, covered with mud and grime, and was not a little astonished to find a bevy of ladies, arrayed in smart white frocks, waiting for him on the lawn. "On entering the Legation," wired Reuter's Special at Peking, "the troops stared in amazement, and inquired if it were a garden party. Sir Claude MacDonald was clean-shaven, and arrayed in maculate tennis flannels, and Mr. Conger was equally presentable. And there was an assembly of ladies looking fresh and bright summer toilettes. Only few civilians carried arms. On the other hand, the soldiers were haggard, with ragged beards. They dragged themselves along, ready to drop, their khaki uniforms dripping with mud and encrusted with mud. A second glance showed that the soldiers were pathetically pale and thin. They looked, in fact, like company of invalids." All the ladies had behaved like so many ladies of Arc, if not in the handling of arms, at least in the making of presents. The successful defence of the Legation was mainly due to an ingenious and resourceful way in which it had been barricaded with sandbags—ten thousand of them—and many of these had been fashioned by the delicate hands of the ladies themselves, who had not to use silks and brocades for the purpose. As for artillery with which to mount those silken sandbag battlements, the most formidable piece of ordnance was a rusty old gun which had been used by the British when, with the French, they forced their way to Peking in 1860. That antiquated cannon had been discovered in a workshop by an American, it was mounted on a Russian carriage, and was served with Italian ammunition—so that this "international gun" as it was christened, must have reminded the besieged of Israël's famous phrase, when, in referring to the Abyssinian Expedition, he said that the ordinance of Europe had been transported by the elephants of Asia across the mountains of Kasselas in Africa.

Lucknow Over Again

The Chinese admitted a loss of 3,000 killed alone during the siege of the Legation, in which "bucketfuls of bullets" were picked up, while no fewer than 2,800 shells had fallen into the

A Military Promenade

It was found that the Chinese had behaved throughout the siege with the most shocking savagery, among other things desecrating the foreign cemetery outside the west wall in a manner too revolting to be described. The Imperial troops behaved themselves just as badly as the "Boxers." The general feeling is that unless the Imperial City is razed, and the Palace destroyed, the Chinese are likely to interpret the forbearance of the Powers as a sign of weakness, and that this will increase the possibility of future trouble." Yet all the retribution, so far, exacted by the International force at Peking was to indulge in a little looting and to determine on a "military promenade" through the Imperial Palace—like the German march into Paris and out again at the close of the French war.

Russian Diplomacy

This has caused great disappointment in certain quarters, but not so much as the determination of Russia to withdraw her troops from Peking to Tientsin now that the primary object of the relief force—the relief of the Legations—has been achieved. Russia's avowal of this intention fell like a bomb among the European Chancelleries, as well as among the European communities in China. Germany, perhaps, is the Power that was most surprised and disgusted with the action of Russia, seeing that, among other things, it was calculated to cast ridicule on the Kaiser for sending Count Waldersee with so much public solemnity on a mission which the latter would discover, on reaching China, to be nothing but a wildgoose chase; and that, during his voyage to the Far East, the military ground had been cut from beneath his feet by the bold diplomatic action of the Tsar's Government. Li Hung Chang, who is still at Shanghai, and who claims to be invested with full powers to treat for the restoration of peace and order, is naturally delighted with the action of Russia; though, as far as the Powers are concerned, their main difficulty is to discover the identity and even the whereabouts of the Government which he claims to represent.

making itself felt. All the pretty girls marry. A lady who possessed a treasure of an amiable maid gave her leave to attend the funeral of a friend who had died after a few months of marriage. The girl returned in the evening radiant and smiling. Next morning she informed her surprised mistress that she did not think she should stay with her much longer as she was thinking of marrying. "My, surely no one proposed to you at the funeral?" said the lady. "No, m'm, but the husband of the corpse was very attentive and called me the life and soul of the party."

On another occasion a lady discharged her pretty housemaid for pertness and coquetry. Not long after she went to a party, where she was introduced to a young married woman in whom she recognised her late housemaid. Nowise abashed, the woman spoke to her quite freely, and sitting beside her, languidly jerking her fan to and fro, she asked, "How do you get on with your servants, now? I never have any trouble with mine!"

Two Richards in the field! Two Nell Gwyn's on the stage. What has the poor, pretty, witty, orange girl done that her story should be thus pounced upon, mangled and altered to suit the taste of the Sunday schoolgirl? Nelly was nothing if not pert, reckless, coarse, and warm-hearted. Who can forget those racy sketches of Pepys, those quaint peeps into the world of rakes and actresses, where he describes "the jade, Nell, a bold, merry flirt, who sat laughing in a box upon the people that came in to see the play"? or, another time, when he went into the tiring rooms behind the stage, "where Nell was dressing herself looking prettier than ever. But to see how Nelly cursed for having so few people in the pit was strange." Or again, that other lurid picture given us by Evelyn of the glorious Whitehall Gallery, where "the King was sitting toying with his mistresses, a French boy singing love songs, while about twenty of the great courtiers were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2,000/- before them. Six days after all was in the dust." Nell Gwyn's was a strong individuality, and perhaps her very faults endeared her to her friends as much as her virtues.

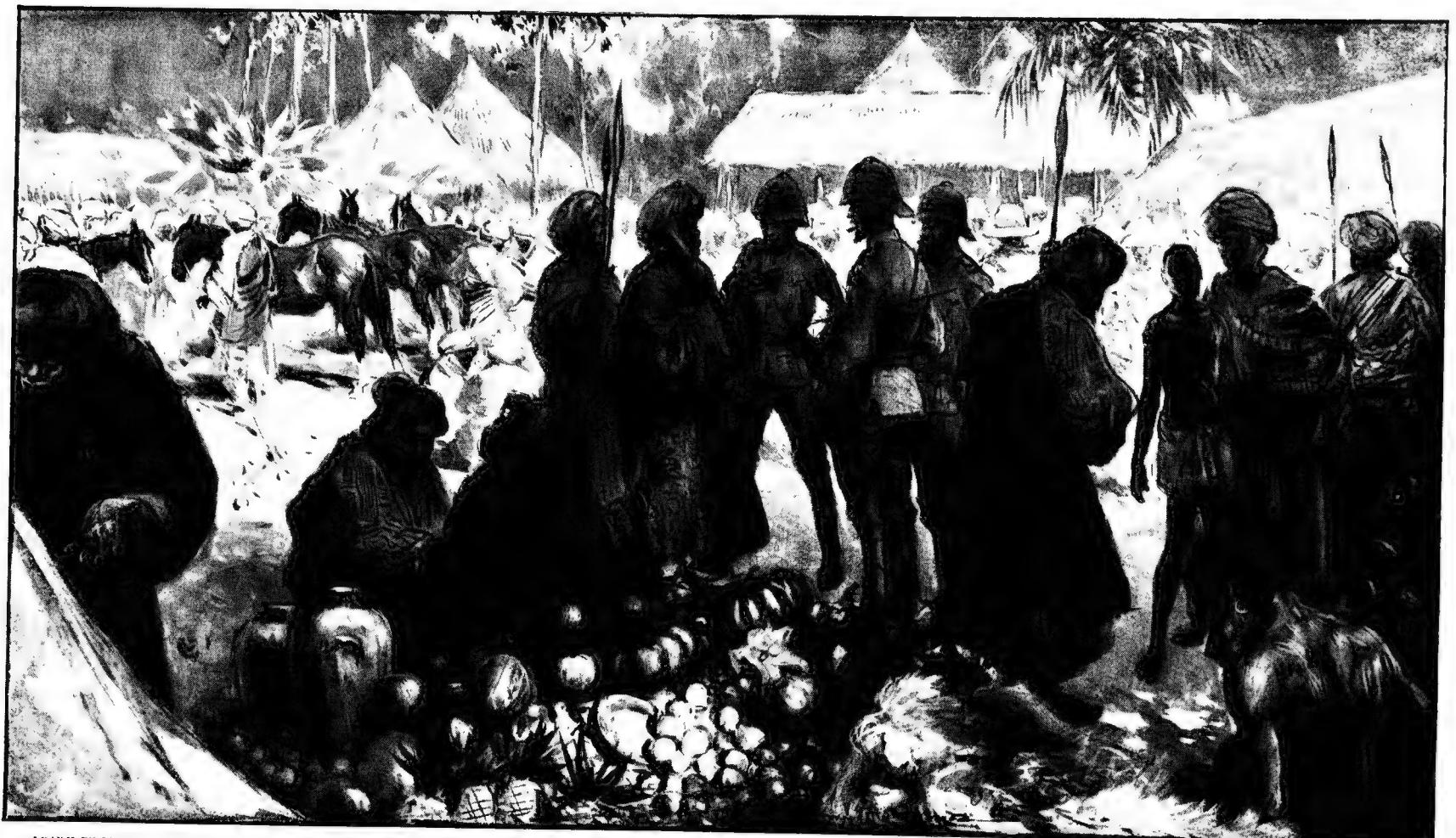
F. WHITING
99

Barnet has for centuries been famed for its horse and cattle market, but its fame is now chiefly dependent on the Great Fair held on September 4-6 every year, to which horses and young stock are brought

from all parts. The horse fair used to be wound up by a pleasure fair, but this acquired such an evil reputation that it has been suppressed

SHOWING HIS PACES: A DEAL AT BARNET FAIR

DRAWN BY FRED WHITING



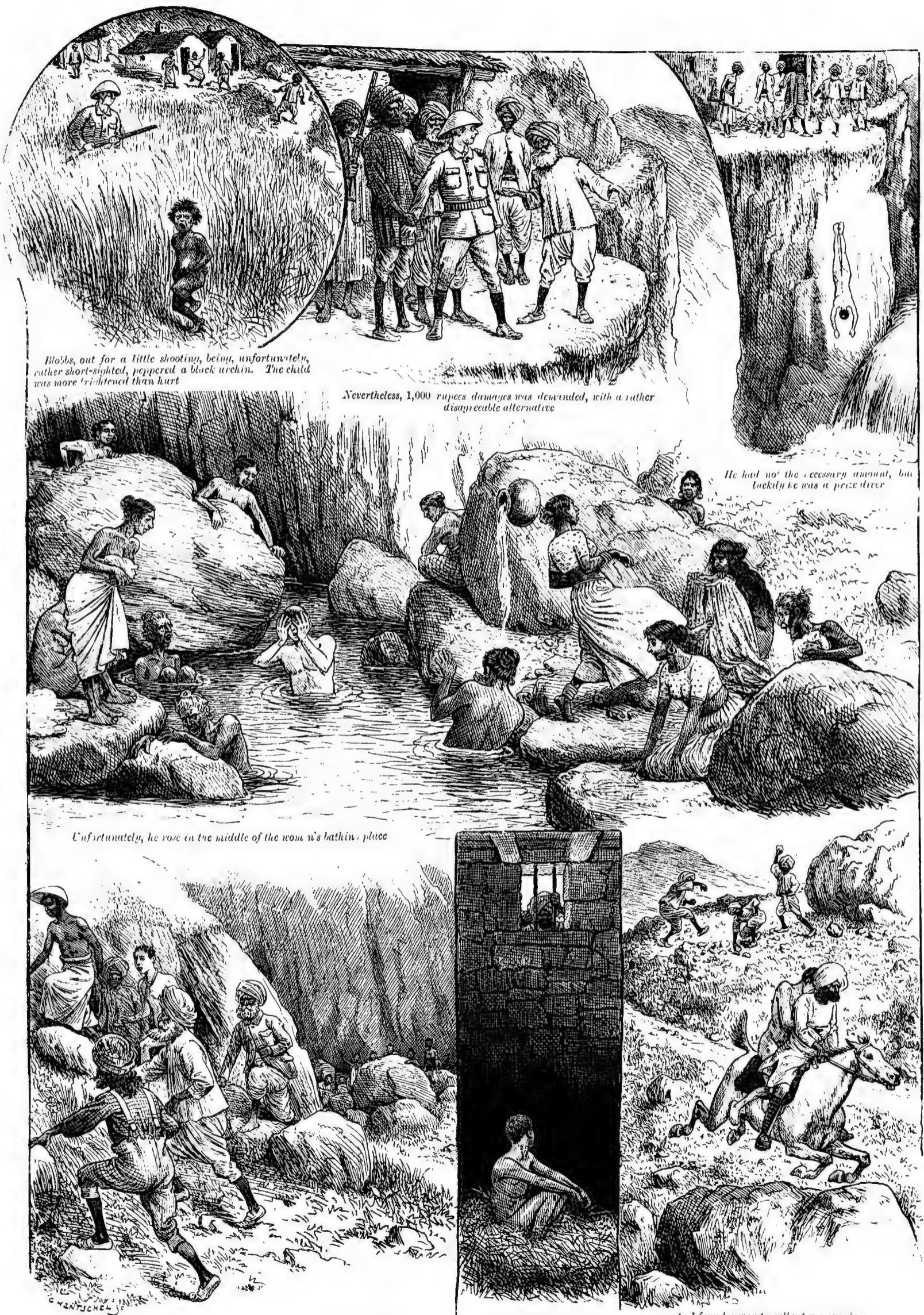
DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

In describing the city of Kano, the Rev. I. A. E. Richardson says:—"The market is enormous. There are many markets, as may well be imagined in a city of some 100,000 inhabitants, but the great market is one of the wonders of the world. Almost anything can be bought there; sugar 1s. per lb., cotton cloth, leather, needles, crockery, tinware, dyes, lime, charcoal, meat, slaves, camels, horses, food of every variety,

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY THE REV. I. A. E. RICHARDSON

including tomatoes, wheat (which is grown near Kano), tamed gazelles and hyenas, wild cats, birds—anything and everything. The money of the country is still the cowry shells, of which the King sent us 400,000 as a present, but the Maria Theresa dollar is taken and the great men gladly buy up any quantity of gold and silver coins, for the Hausa is an adept at working in silver and gold."

THE BRITISH MISSION TO KANO: THE MARKET IN THE CITY



Bobbins, out for a little shooting, being, unfortunately, rather short-sighted, peppered a black urchin. The child was more frightened than hurt

Nevertheless, 1,000 rupees damages was demanded, with a rather disagreeable alternative

He had no the necessary amount, but luckily he was a prize diver

Unfortunately, he rose in the middle of the women's bathing place

Of course he was recaptured, and this time was locked up until they could think of something awful

However, his faithful syc had watched him from afar

And found a way to gallantly rescue him

FROM SKETCHES BY MAJOR S. G. GRANT



THE LATE LORD PORTARLINGTON
Late Senior Grand Warden of the English Grand
Lodge of Mark Masons



THE LATE SIR J. B. LAWES
The Great Agriculturist



THE LATE PROFESSOR H. SIDGWICK
Late Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge



THE LATE SIR SAUL SAMUEL
Late Agent General for New South Wales

Our Portraits

THE Earl of Portarlington was the son of the fourth Earl, and was born in 1858. He succeeded his father in 1892, and had been a representative peer for Ireland since 1896. He served for some time as a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, and at the time of his death was honorary colonel of the 4th Battalion Leinster Regiment, major in the Dorset Yeomanry Cavalry, and a lieutenant in the Reserve of Officers. In English Freemasonry Lord Portarlington took a prominent position. In 1897 he was appointed by the Prince of Wales to the post of Senior Grand Warden, the highest office in Grand Lodge next to that of Deputy Grand Master, and in the same year he received past grand rank in the Royal Arch as Grand Scribe N. He was also a Past Senior Grand Warden of the English Grand Lodge of Mark Masons. Lord Portarlington is succeeded in the title by his son, Viscount Carlow. Our portrait is by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

Professor Henry Sidgwick, who recently retired from the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Cambridge University, was born at Skipton, in Yorkshire, in 1838, and was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was Fellow of Trinity College from 1859 to 1869, and Lecturer of Trinity College from 1859 to 1875, when he was appointed Prelector of Moral and Political Philosophy. He was elected an honorary fellow of Trinity College in 1881, and was appointed Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1883. Professor Sidgwick took a prominent part in the promotion of the Higher Education of Women at Cambridge, especially in the foundation and management of Newnham College, of which Mrs. Sidgwick is President. Professor Sidgwick was LL.D. of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews, and was made a D.C.L. of Oxford in 1890. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Sir Saul Samuel was born in England in 1829, and at the age of twelve years he emigrated with his parents to the Antipodes, concluding his education at the Sydney College. He commenced business in the office of his uncles, who were English and Australian merchants, but at an early age made an independent start as a squatter in the western district of New South Wales, turning his attention later to gold mining. He was elected a member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales in 1854. To Sir Saul Samuel belongs the distinction of having served in high office under every Governor of New South Wales (with the exception of Lord Carrington) from the inauguration of responsible Government down to the time of his appointment to the position

of Agent-General in 1880. Among the measures promoted by him in the course of his Parliamentary career were the Navigation and Government Savings Bank Acts. As Agent-General, the finances of the Colony received his special attention, and it may be safely asserted that as a financier he gained the respect and confidence of every Government under which he served. In October, 1898, owing to ill-health, Sir Saul resigned, and Mr. Chamberlain took the opportunity of publicly thanking him for the manner in which he had fulfilled his duties in this country. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1882, and received the honour of a baronetcy in 1898. Our portrait is by Barraud, Oxford Street.

Sir John Bennet Lawes, whose death is referred to in our "Rural Notes," was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Bennet Lawes, D.L., of Rothamsted, and was born on December 28, 1814. He was educated at Eton, and at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he displayed a strong partiality for the laboratory. On leaving the University he spent some time in London, studying practical chemistry, beginning in 1834, on taking possession of his property at Rothamsted, regular experiments in agricultural chemistry, which he continued throughout his long and useful life. His attention had been particularly directed to the fact that bones, always used largely for improving the soil, were very valuable in their effect in different soils, and in order to ascertain with exactitude the effect of bones as fertilisers for vegetable growth, several hundred experiments were made, some upon crops in the field, and others with plants in pots. The results obtained on a small scale in 1837-8-9 led to more extensive trials, and finally to the taking out of a patent in 1842 for treating mineral phosphates with sulphuric acid. This was the start of the super-phosphate trade, a trade the present dimensions of which may be estimated by the statement that considerably more than a million tons are annually manufactured in Britain alone, representing a value of considerably over 2,000,000/- The jubilee of the Rothamsted experiments was celebrated in 1893, and the occasion was made a most interesting one by Sir John Lawes and Dr. Gilbert, who assisted him for many years, being made the recipients of numerous addresses from various scientific societies. Mr. Lawes had been created a baronet in 1882, and Dr. Gilbert received the honour of knighthood in the Rothamsted jubilee year. Sir John Lawes was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1854, and in 1867 the Royal Medal was awarded to him, conjointly with Dr. Gilbert, by the Council of the Society. Sir John Lawes married in 1842 Caroline, daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Fountaine, of Narford Hall, Norfolk, but was left a widower in 1895. Their only son, who inherits the baronetcy, is Mr. Charles Bennet Lawes, the sculptor. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

A Visit to Barnet Horse Fair

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

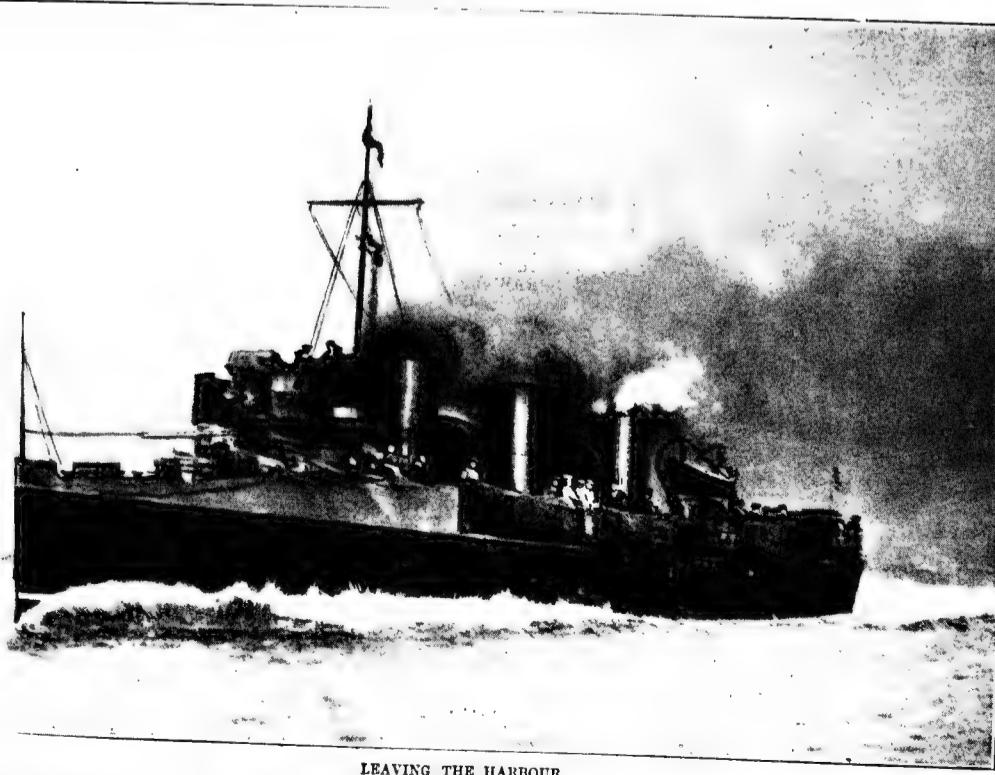
As fairs decline more and more in importance, commercial, each succeeding year (since 1759, when good road and canal communication between the Yorkshire, Cheshire and Lancashire towns was first established), so do they become to the student of man and customs and the seeker after strange sights yearly more interesting. Thus, Chipping Barnet Horse Fair is gradually growing into favour as one of the sights of London, though it is the fact that it is held "in a market town of Hertfordshire eleven miles from London" that it owes its continued existence. All London fairs were abolished as public nuisances before 1855, the year that the famous St. Bartholomew's Fair was held for the last time. To go from King's Cross or Broad Street a short railway journey and find yourself on a lovely countryside, with the scent of the freshly trodden grass a delight to your nostrils, and all around you the oddest human beings ever seen outside the pages of Dickens, is not such a very unprofitable way of spending a fine afternoon, even if you haven't the faintest hankering to "buy a cob for a mere song and sell it to Rothschild for close on a hundred guineas!"

Among that strange collection of beasts—all the screws of London are collected, it is said, on September 4 at Barnet, so that a "Barnet Fair Horse" has become a byword—there were probably early in the day (the Fair begins at 6 a.m.), some extraordinary finds in the way of bargains for the man who could trust his judgment to the extent of 20/- or 25/-; though this year prices, owing to the war, ruled much higher than last year, the popularity of the motor car notwithstanding. And the hope of buying a hunter for 12/-, which is honestly worth 30/-, is stimulating enough to rouse one out of bed even at five in the morning, and such bargains have been secured at Barnet Fair, though not in the afternoon.

By the afternoon all the best of the bargains are gone, men and horses are tired, and it requires a more than usually likely-looking buyer to wake the energy of the man and to wake the energy of the beast by waving the pink calico flags before its eyes to startle it and make it show its mettle. Perhaps I was a likely-looking buyer. Anyhow one fine old Irish gentleman was most anxious to persuade me to buy the horse with "the white foot."

One white foot keep it yourself,
Two white feet sell it to a friend,
Three white feet sell it by auction.

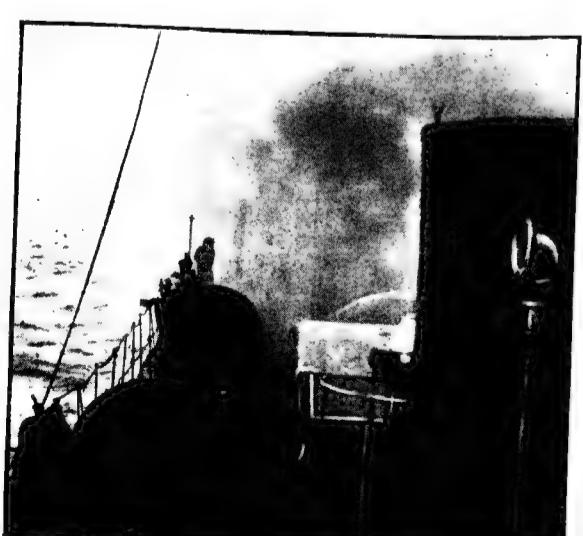
I knew the superstition and asked if he believed in it? Of course he did. All horse dealers and most Irishmen are superstitious. Wherever there are horses there are also Paddies. There were many at Barnet, there were also costers in proper coster costume with their donahs, and there were streets of steam merry-go-rounds and swing-boats and "coker" nut-shies and rifle-galleries and gingerbread stalls. There was a menagerie and a cinematograph which announced in large letters that "It took the cake." But more than all that there were gypsies with almond-shaped eyes and brown skin, and their air of being strangers in a foreign land, and there was country dancing, real good dancing, not romping, but dancing such as one thought had ceased to exist—dancing which turned one's thoughts to tales of mediaeval Merry England.



LEAVING THE HARBOUR

Forty miles an hour at sea is now an accomplished fact, the new torpedo-boat destroyer *Viper* having accomplished thirty-five knots on her trials. She is fitted with the steam turbine invented by Mr. Parsons. The *Viper* is the ordinary size of a torpedo-boat destroyer, 210 ft. long and 21 ft. wide, with a displacement of about

312 tons. Lately, on her coal consumption trials, with her engines working at only three-quarters of their full power, she has made thirty-eight miles an hour. Our photographs are by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



GETTING UP STEAM

THE FASTEST SHIP AFLAFT: H.M.S. "VIPER" ON HER COAL CONSUMPTION TRIAL AT PORTSMOUTH

OBESITY and SCOTCH WHISKY.
Does Spirit Drinking Fatten?

ve been much controversial. Most of the American physicians absolutely forbid the use of whisky or other obesity-inducers of a corpulent nature. Suddenly abandon drink, or Irish whisky, brandy, or rum, record a considerable reduction. Russell, the well-known writer, writes as follows:—

“Physicians have absolutely prohibited the use of alcoholic drinks, except in their condemnation of insufficient practical knowledge. It is, perhaps, the only one which only makes the spirits to be taken; but it is not I advocate the free use of whisky.”

Wines he advises claret, Italian wines (non-essential), and to those who like other water at meals he says in preference to any

“simply simple one. It consists of a decoction made from one exotic exception) can be had in the meadows. If one reduces weight at the rate of 3 and 4 lb. in moderate use of alcohol, it must be far away in front, which only makes the poor stringent regulations to whisky drinking and certain. One of the peculiarities is that many patients upon us fatty tissue become so easily fatigued, that they then before, and yet carefully decrease of flesh. We advise readers to get the feeling that it only costs six pence a day. The address is F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford, Herts, W.C.—*See Western Times*, July 1.

ARE YOU TOO FAT?

Corpulence and its Cure.

“There are stout people who have a good appetite, and people who fear that they will be stout will find plenty to eat. In some stout will find plenty to eat them in a little volume on the subject of the Cure (post free, six stamps). Mr. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford, Herts, W.C.—*See Western Times*, July 1.

“Newspapers containing the above article, and many hundred others, are on sale at the office.

SPECIAL OFFER.

“I am sorry to inform you that the *Graphic* suffering from Obesity, would be pleased to forward post free, CORPULENCY AND THE OBESITY, in a sealed plain envelope, to all who send 6d. in stamps to Woburn House, London, W.C.

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Famous Racehorses

UGLY, EAGER, AND MERMAN

In our supplement are shown eleven of the most famous racehorses of the present day, everyone of which has distinguished himself greatly during the last few racing seasons. The greatest performer of the lot is the almost incomparable Flying Fox, but perhaps it will be as well to treat briefly of each, and, going on the plan of *seniores priores*, Ugly claims first attention. This horse, perhaps, is of less account than any of the others, but on his own course—an easy five furlongs—Ugly was a wonderfully speedy horse, and during his six seasons on the Turf he won no fewer than twenty-two races. He is by Minting out of Wee Agnes, and has now gone to the stud at a twenty-five guinea fee. Eager, a very good-looking horse, by Enthusiast out of Greeba, is now six years old, and during the last four seasons he has won fifteen races, many of them being events of very considerable importance. Indeed, for the last two years he has been regarded as the champion sprinter, and over his best course of from five to seven furlongs he has had no equal, though it should be mentioned that he has not been opposed by such celebrities as Flying Fox or Cyllene. In two successive years did Eager win the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot, and other great performances on his part may be cited in the Portland Plate at Doncaster, which he won with 8st. 13lb. in the saddle, and the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot, when he carried the heavy weight of 9st. 7lb. and beat a large and good field with consummate ease. Eager has been always trained by James Ryan at Green Lodge, and Ugly has been an inmate of Richard Marsh's establishment at Egerton House during the whole of his racing career. Merman is an Australian-bred horse, who has chiefly distinguished himself in long distance races. He appears to have been a difficult horse to train, but since he has been located in this country, he has had two sequences of victories, with an interval of more than a year between, during which period he appeared to have lost his form. During his first successful period he was trained by Fred Webb at Newmarket, and he secured the Lewes Handicap, the Caesarewitch, and the Long Distance Plate at Hurst Park. In the following year his solitary victory was achieved in the Jockey Club Cup at Newmarket, but last season, when trained by Robinson, at Foxhill, he won the Goodwood Plate under 9st., the Goodwood Cup (in which he beat another good Australian in Newhaven II.), and the Birmingham Handicap with 9st. 5lb. in the saddle. He is a pretty horse and a great stayer, and whenever he has been at his best he has shown himself capable of very big things over a distance of ground.

JEDDAH AND CYLLENE

The three horses already described may be considered as belonging to the handicap class, but the five-year-olds Jeddah and Cyllene were classic horses, and the last-named would certainly have won all the classic races of his year had he been entered for them. As it was he never ran but in the best of company, and he was only twice beaten, viz., when he failed to give 10lb. to Dieudonné in the Imperial Stakes at Kempton Park, and in the Column Produce Stakes at Newmarket. As a two-year-old he won the Sefton Park Plate at Liverpool, the Worth Stakes at

Gatwick, a Triennial at Ascot, and the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park. At three years of age he accounted for the Newmarket Stakes—beating the future Derby winner Jeddah—the Ten Thousand Pound Jockey Club Stakes, and the Sandown Foal Plate. In his last season he only ran at Ascot, but there he won a Two-Mile Triennial, and two days later the Gold Cup, his performance in the last-named race, wherein he was opposed by the pick of the French long-distance runners, being of quite an excellent character. Indeed, no Ascot Cup of recent years has been so easily won, and without doubt Cyllene was a very high-class horse and a great stayer. He is a handsome chestnut, by Bonavista out of Arcadia, and throughout his running career he was trained by William Jarvis at Newmarket. Jeddah is a big, good-looking horse, by Janissary out of the famous Pilgrimage, and though he was a somewhat erratic performer, sometimes running well and sometimes badly, there can be no doubt that he was a fair performer on his best day. He will go down to posterity as having won the Derby with the extreme odds of 100 to 1 offered against him at flag-fall, but he will never be considered more than a very average Derby winner, and his winning performances were few and far between. He certainly took the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot under the full penalty, and this is, as a rule, only accomplished by a very good horse, but in the St. Leger he quite failed to resist the challenge of Wildfowler, and since that time he has not won a race. He was trained by Richard Marsh.

FLYING FOX AND CAIMAN

The only four-year-olds in the picture are the old opponents Flying Fox and Caiman, and if the first-named was head and shoulders the best of his year, Caiman may fairly claim to have been a good *proxime accessit*, as he ran second for the Two Thousand and St. Leger (he took no part in the Derby), and actually defeated Flying Fox when both were two-year-olds. Caiman is an American-bred chestnut colt, who has always been under the charge of the American trainer Huggins, and if he missed the biggest events of his life, owing to the superiority of Flying Fox, he has nevertheless got through two seasons with great success, having already won nine races of very considerable value. Flying Fox, by Orme out of Vampire, bred and owned (up to the end of his running career) by the late Duke of Westminster, has always been trained by John Porter at Kingsclere, and he is quite an exceptional horse, as was proved by the fact that when put up to auction he reached the enormous sum of 37,500 guineas before he was knocked down to the French owner, M. E. Blanc. As a two-year-old Flying Fox was a good colt, but not exactly a great one. At that age he won three races, losing the Imperial Stakes at Kempton to St. Gris by a head, and succumbing to Caiman in the Middle Park Plate. Last season he carried all before him, and it is not too much to say that no horse in modern times—not even the mighty Ormonde—ran up such a winning sequence in such wonderful fashion. He carried silk six times during the year, and won the three classic races of Guineas, Derby and St. Leger, and the only three ten thousand pound stakes of the year. It was not, however, the fact that he won these races, but the style in which he achieved his victories, that caused so great a *furore*. Every time he ran he made hacks of his opponents, and in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, and also in the Jockey Club Stakes, he fairly spread-eagled his

field, passing the post with an enormous advantage of all his opponents, and yet hard held, and without whip or spur being resorted to. Space will not permit of further details concerning this extraordinary horse, but it must be added that good looking as he is good, and that he presents such a combination of symmetry, beauty, and muscular strength as is unknown in the modern thoroughbred. Though not a very one he is most powerfully made, and while the muscles of shoulder, neck, and quarters are something quite uncommon, it must also be mentioned that his flanks are also a somewhat unusual circumstance, but a great advantage to a class racehorse.

DIAMOND JUBILEE

Diamond Jubilee, Democrat, Blacksmith, and Forfarshire three-year-olds. Diamond Jubilee, trained by R. Mars, Prince of Wales, is an own brother to Persimmon, and much smaller than his illustrious relative, he is a very poor At the outset of his career he was the victim of an uncertain and did not always do his best, but he improved as the year on, and there was much merit in his seconds for the Middle and Dewhurst Plates. His victories in the Two Thousand and the Derby are within the memory of every one, and his of becoming a winner of the triple crown are of the best. Democrat, trained by Huggins, is an American-bred chestnut gelding. Blacksmith, trained in the same stable, is by the English Wolf's Crag, out of Massina, and was picked up for a very sum at the sale of the late Mr. George Masterman's horses. Blacksmith has won six races without knowing defeat. Democrat has been seven times successful in eleven attempts principal victories having been gained in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and the Middle and Dewhurst Plates at Newmarket. Forfarshire, by Hampton, out of St. Elizabeth, was bred by Mr. R. Brice, and was sold to Mr. Dewar, for whom he is trained by Jos. at Newmarket.

"Some Notable Hamlets"

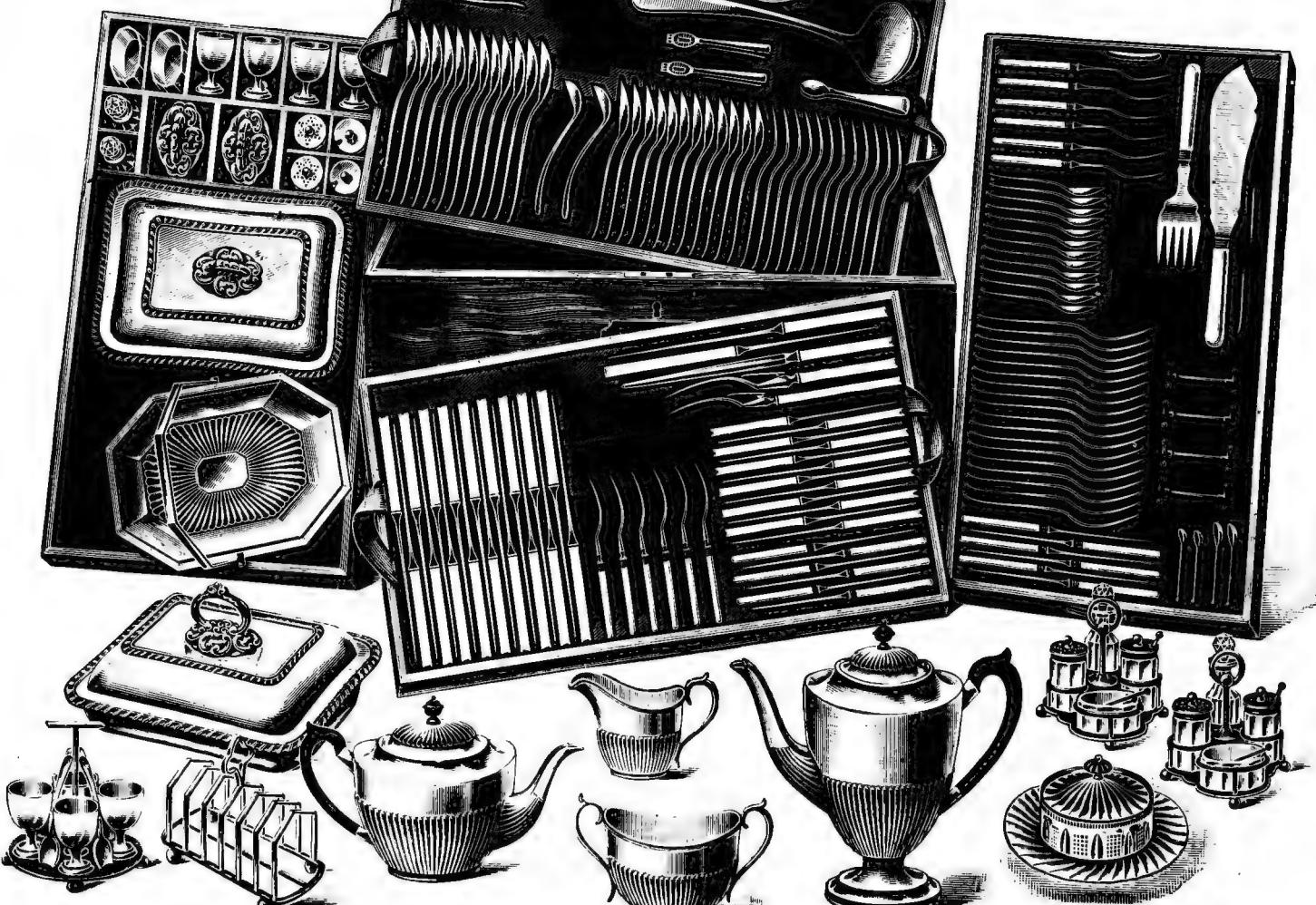
In "Some Notable Hamlets" (Greening) Mr. L. Arthur Greening has brought together, in a more durable and handy form than the columns of a daily journal afford, Mr. Clement Scott's first impressions of some of the most famous impersonations of the character of Hamlet that the present generation has seen. These include those of Sir Henry Irving, Wilson Barret, Beerbohm Tree, Forbes Robertson. Added to these is a masterly piece of critical criticism on Sarah Bernhardt in the same character, which was written for the *New York Herald*. There is no doubt that these articles are well worthy of being "rescued from the limbo of old newspapers," and will be welcomed both by the admirers of the eminent critic and of the actors concerned. Mr. Greening himself contributes a high-flown "appreciation" of Mr. Scott, of which we will only remark that those parts dealing with the career of the latter, and with the unfortunate *con temps* which led to his temporary abstention from dramatic criticism in this country, are of considerable interest.

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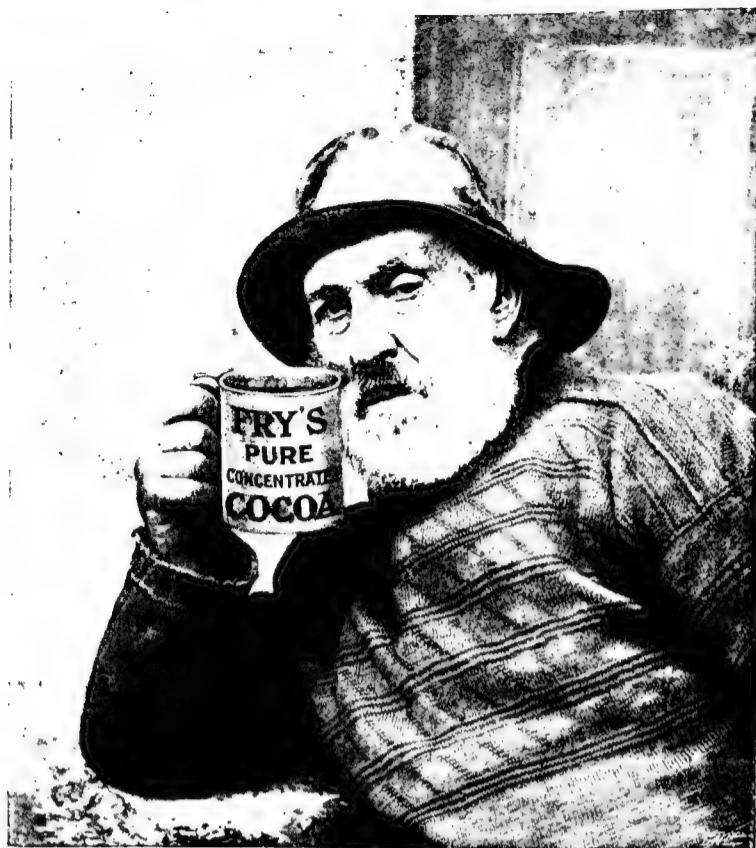
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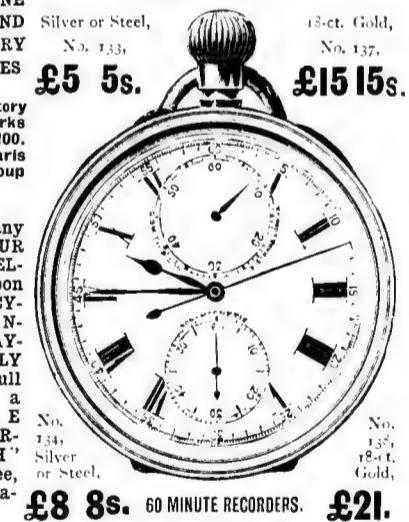
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Two performances of a lyrical tragedy, "Prométhée" (libretto by MM. Jean Lorrain and Ferdinand Hérold, and music by M. Gabriel Fauré), took place last week in the open air at Béziers. The play was witnessed one day by over 12,000 spectators, who received it with every mark of favour. The photograph is by Léon Bouét.

A PLAY IN THE OPEN AIR: THE PERFORMANCE OF "PROMÉTHÉE" AT BÉZIERS

New Novels

"THE MINISTER'S GUEST"

NOVELS dealing in a more or less sympathetic manner with Nonconformity, as viewed actually or professedly from within, have become a notable feature of the fiction of the day—at any rate of the hour; it would be rash to say more. "The Minister's Guest," by Isabel Smith (T. Fisher Unwin), while evidently well-informed as to matters of detail, is of the less entirely sympathetic order. One feels that the heart of the authoress is more sincerely with the unclerical, if innocent, foibles of her Kentish vicar than with the virtues of her learned, eloquent, zealous, yet gentle pastor of the Congregationalists of Duck Lane, among whom Nannie Burton, the Vicar's niece, feels herself so homesick, until she finds a new interest in life of the usual kind. Apart from its account of tea and other meetings, with the domestic affairs and social relations of the various worshippers in Duck Lane, the interest of the novel centres upon the obligatory presence of the official Registrar at a Nonconformist marriage. In the present case, the sudden death of the Registrar postpones a wedding until the appointment of his successor. But, as the postponement thus enables an unwilling

bridegroom and a too-willing bride to escape a union that would have meant misery to both, and to find more suitable mates elsewhere, we learn how even a public grievance may sometimes prove a private blessing. As a study of, and probably from, life the novel has all the merits of a photograph; and many of the demerits besides.

"DAVID POLMERE"

The central interest of Mrs. Lodge's "David Polmere" (Digby Long and Co.) is the honesty of a Cornish mine-owner, who, despite all persuasions, refuses to bolster up his property by forming a limited liability company, on the ground that it is not right to ask people to invest money in a concern of which the prospects are doubtful. His supervening lunacy is entirely due to a physical accident, and is subsequent to his decision. It is satisfactory to find that virtue was rewarded by David's restoration to sanity and of his mine to prosperity. At any rate Mrs. Lodge is to be congratulated on the re-discovery of an excellent moral—which, however, is by no means always as true as it ought to be.

"THE CRIMSON CRYPTOGRAM"

Readers who never weary of suspecting everybody of mysterious murders except the actual perpetrators will find a story after their own heart in Mr. Fergus Hume's "The Crimson Cryptogram"

(John Long). Of other interest it has not a particle. The several characters are, at best, unattractive marionettes; at worst—there is no way to say in ordinary—either detestable, or despicable, or both together. The motive for the murder, moreover, turns out to be distinctly feeble. But the skill with which Mr. Hume lays out a veritable labyrinth of false scents is worthy of all praise; and it is, I think, seems probable, was his sole purpose, to find fault with him for doing more would be not a little absurd. As to the plot, it is, of course, our duty to refrain from telling tales.

"LOVE'S GUERDON"

Mr. Conrad H. Carroder's "Love's Guerdon: A Romance of the West Country" (F. V. White and Co.) contains a solid family history. The father is murdered; the mother dies of gastric ulcer; the daughter marries a doctor who knows that she must die of consumption a few weeks later; the son has to go to South Africa as his only chance of escaping the same doom. Then another principal character, a pious old pedlar, is knocked down by a car and killed; and, to complete the tragedy, a good young woman who has devoted herself to work among the poor elopes with a married madman. All these little things occur within a little Nonconformist circle in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and are relieved by genteel conversations on the poets, especially Keats, Byron, and Shelley.

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

AUGUST has prepared a pitfall for the farmer. It has not done much permanent injury to the wheat, but the air has been laden with moisture, and threshings for a month to come will be extremely unwise. Yet the first few thousand tons of new wheat are always supposed to sell freely and at a better price than the bulk of the new crop deliveries in October, November and December. This is the pitfall. The miller is usually more of a man of business than the farmer; at least he is less governed by convention, and he may be trusted, out of premature threshings, to make his profit to the farmer's detriment. The samples which are out of condition are, where offered, already going at 29s. to 30s., whereas a little patience would make the price 32s. to 33s. per qr. The total yield of the new crop is put at little over 6,500,000 qrs., for the acreage returns showed 156,000 acres decrease in wheat, and this of itself knocked half a million qrs. off a yield which even before August became so showy was never reckoned at over 7,250,000 qrs. Thus it seems that the 6,500,000 qrs. estimate, albeit that it comes as a shock to the markets, will probably prove about the figure of the eventual Government returns. The root crops have been plumped out and swelled by the August moisture, but the spread of disease among the potatoes balances this gain. The pastures have lasted splendidly this summer, and cows have seldom given milk better or more

steadily. There is a curious complaint about the regular cut hay and clover this season, viz., that it is too woody or fibrous, and that it needs careful cutting up for stock. This cutting up, however, is always useful, and repays the trouble. The new beans and peas—where grown as farm and not garden crops—are often excellent, but the bulk of the yield is less than was expected. Tares are very good; the new winter sorts are worth as much as three guineas per qr. The mists in the country have been very autumnal, and the days seldom really genial. Yet there have been cases of sunstroke. It must be remembered that the sunburst after rain is peculiarly dangerous, and that heat at a comparatively low angle is more trying than an absolutely vertical blaze.

SIR JOHN BENNET LAWES

A really great man of science has passed away in the baronet who made Rothamsted farms. His services to agriculture are in everybody's mouth, but the value of his steady devotion to pure science, both in agriculture and in chemistry, is less often dwelt upon. Yet it was the cause of the peculiarly high position he enjoyed—a member of the Royal Society since 1854 and an authority honoured in every agricultural country throughout the globe. He had much of Darwin's splendid tenacity of purpose, not a little, too, of his fine serenity of disposition, and he had all that remarkable man's absolute frankness in admitting difficulties to his own contentions. He had in addition to these natural advantages the immense good fortune of not being tied to any institution. For nearly sixty years he carried on his experiments unchecked by a Committee, unfettered by a Board. When he thought that a statistical estimate worked out in a somewhat misleading manner he frankly stated that opinion; he did so of his own harvest statistics for 1897. He would have agreed with Nietzsche that "excessive system is deficient rectitude," that the right to leave the road on occasion is as necessary as the right to walk in it. Sir John Lawes has taught by his experiments the true value in crop yield of our native soil, and has compared it precisely with the value in crop yield of soil into which capital, plus brains, has been put. He has indicated the lines upon which the fertility of the land can best be increased, and he has completed his round of benefits by a provision whereby the experiments can be carried on so long as the fine gift of £100,000 brings in even the present moderate interest of 2½ per cent.

THE FLOCKS AND HERDS

Buckle's "History of Civilisation," written some forty years ago, points out that while the population of Great Britain increases by a thousand a day, the flocks and herds on which we are largely fed do not increase in populousness at all. The observation is all the more serious to-day when the population is about fourteen millions more than it was in Buckle's time. The returns just issued by the Board of Agriculture show that there are 9,450 more cattle in great Britain

to-day than there were a year ago, but there are 646,528 fewer sheep and 241,881 fewer pigs, so that on the whole the live stock of the farm is diminishing in number. The rise in mutton is seen to be due to a genuine cause, the decreased number of animals reducing the cost of feeding. It is to be hoped that the Government will do something to encourage the further breeding of live stock. Might not a reduction on the local rates be allowed in proportion to the number of useful animals kept? Our flocks and herds form a most valuable garrison, and the principle of State help is already fully conceded in the heavy premiums given on stallions, bulls and other pedigree stock. This is a good thing in its way, but the prosperity of the thousand wealthy breeders of pedigree animals has blinded us long to the fact that the mass of farmers are not prospering at all.

Notices in a Nutshell

"A WALK THROUGH THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS," by F. G. Aflalo (Sands and Co.) is a handy little volume in the nature-gossiping guide to the "Zoo," well illustrated from photographs. It is very thorough, giving an almost complete catalogue of the animals, and most pleasantly written. Some of the figures furnished at the beginning are interesting, as, for instance, that the public pay some 16,000/- to 17,000/- annually for admissions, and that elephants and camels earn collectively about 700/- a year. The cost for the animals costs about 4,000/- a year, fish being the most expensive item in the list—over 20,000 lbs. of whiting representing a good day's catch.

MESSRS. GAY AND BIRD have added to their series, "The Bibelot," an "Elizabethan Garland," being a very pretty little volume containing some hundred odd pieces representing in very fairly representative manner the work of fifty-three Elizabethans; also, in the same series, "Sydney Smith: His Wit and Wisdom," edited by J. B. Brescoe. There are no prettier little books being published than those in this dainty series.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO. have begun to issue a series of plays by Shakespeare, "The Eversley," edited, with introduction and notes, by Professor C. H. Herford. Each play is in a volume complete, printed in bold clear type on good paper, and the volumes already published are "Timon of Athens," "The Tempest," and "Richard III." They appear in two forms—in red cloth and also in limp green roan, the latter being particularly pleasing and pleasant to handle.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO. have sent us Tennyson's "Princess," prettily bound in green cloth, with notes and an introduction by Elizabeth Wordsworth, and a frontispiece by W. F. H. Britten.

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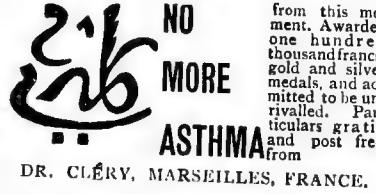
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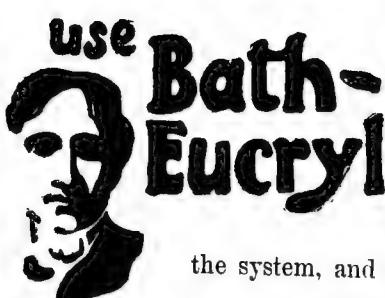
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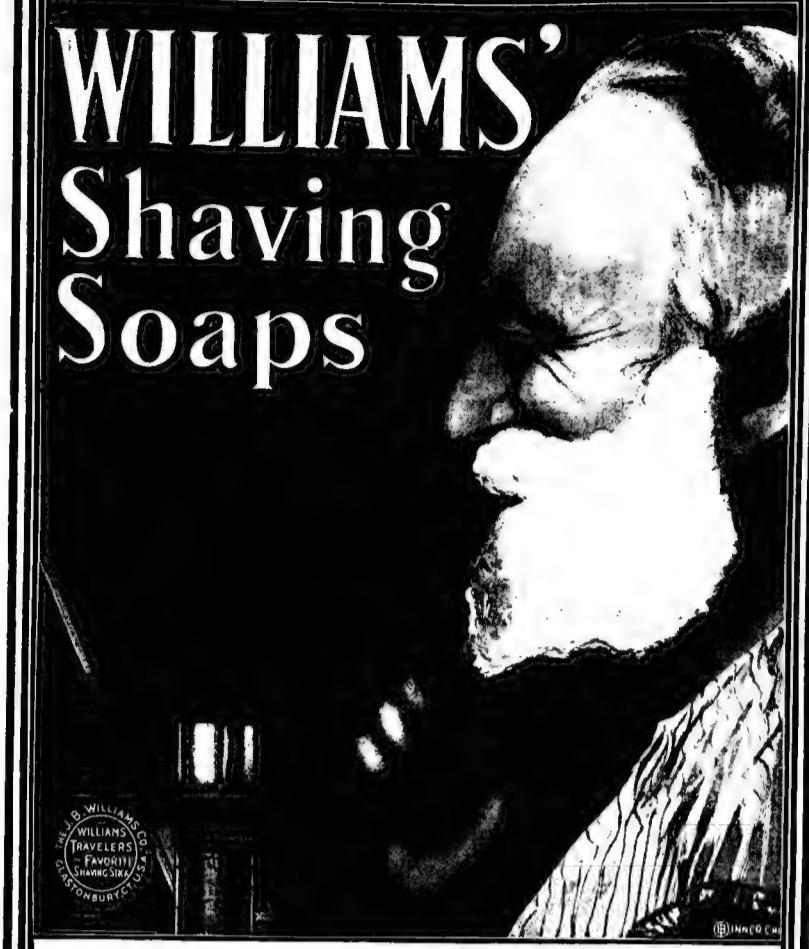
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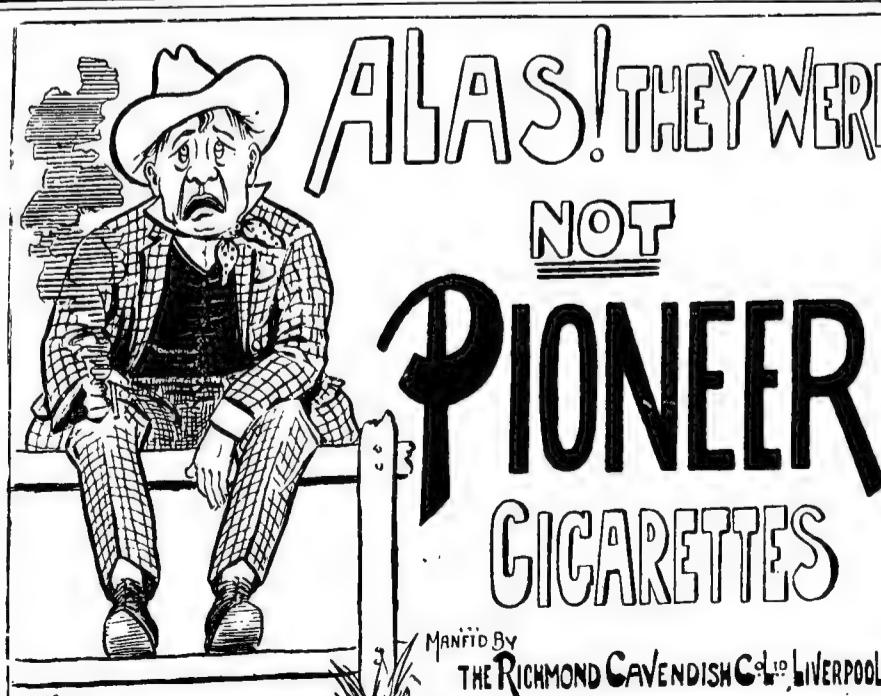
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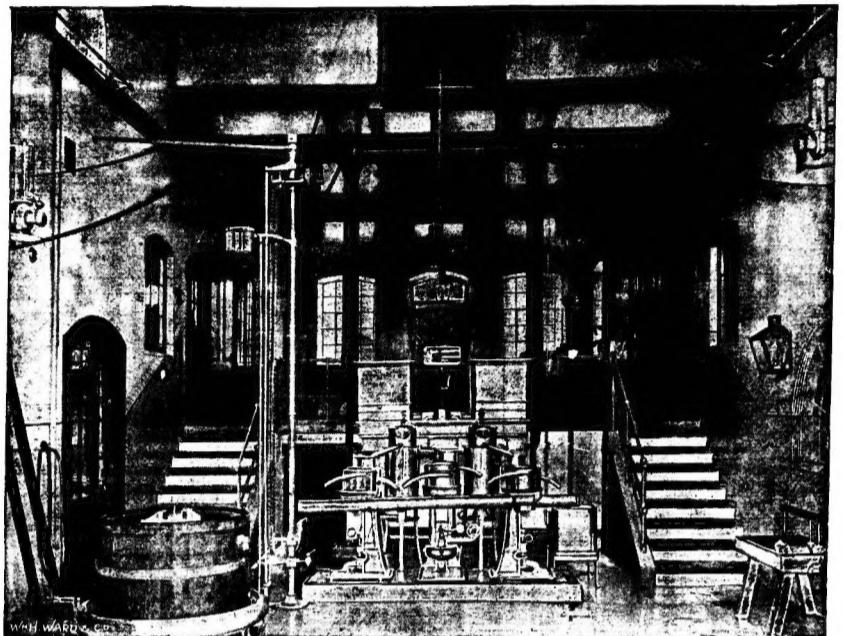
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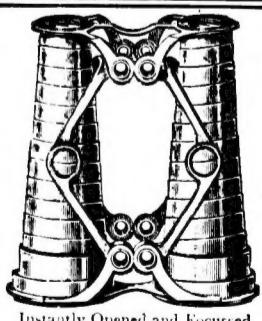
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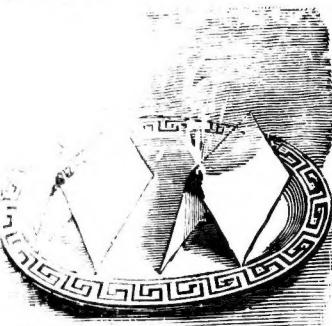
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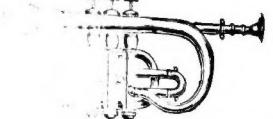
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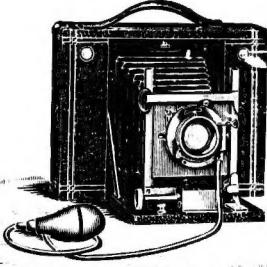
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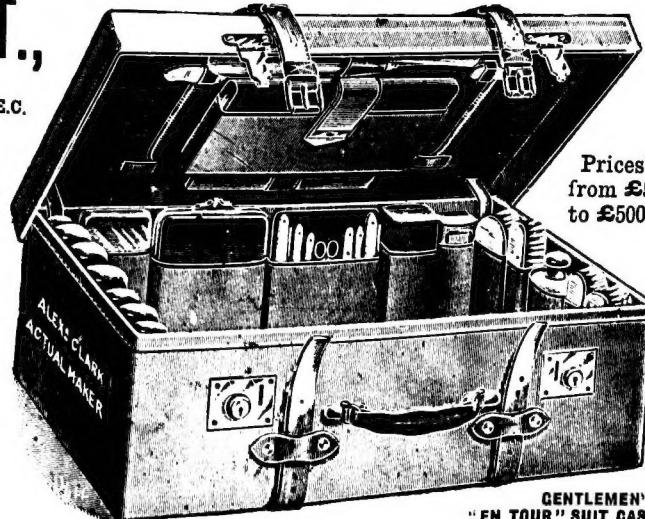
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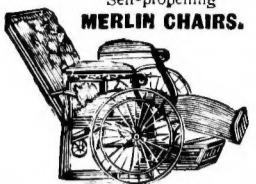
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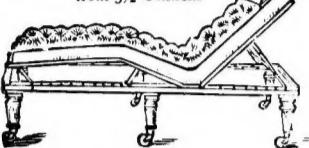
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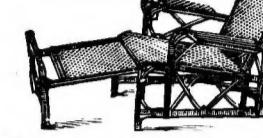
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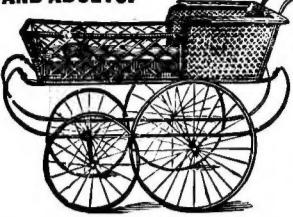
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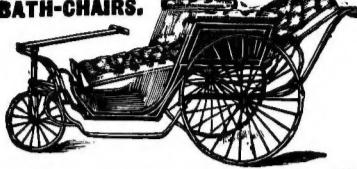
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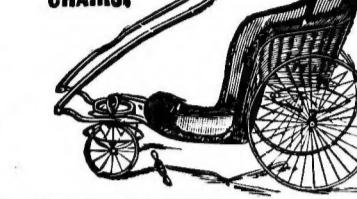
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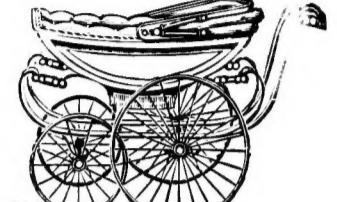
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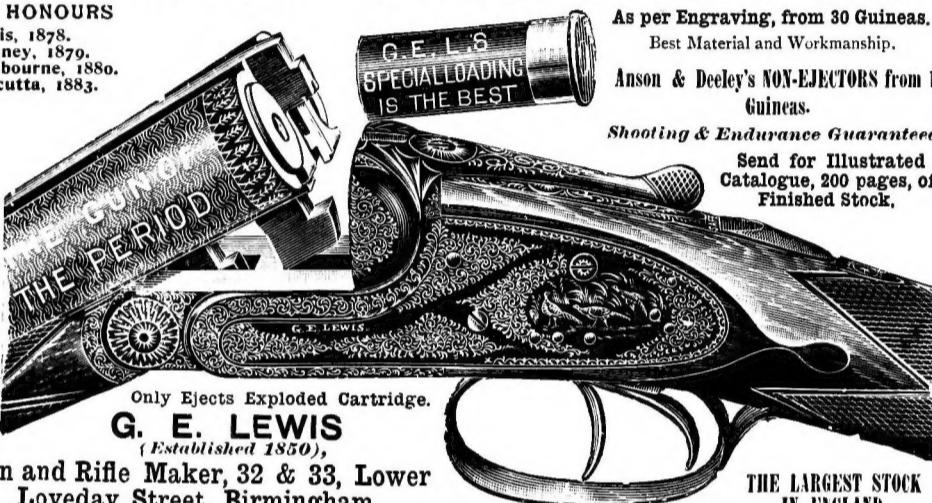
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